

\$2 A YEAR
THE SUNDAY CONSTITUTION,
THE CHEAPEST PAPER
PUBLISHED.

VOL. XXI.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1889.

20 PAGES.
1 to 8.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

DRY GOODS, SILKS, NOTIONS, BLANKETS, ETC.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

HIGH'S BARGAINS

An Unsurpassable Array of Cheap and Seasonable Dry Goods!

NEW SPRING GOODS COMING IN EVERY DAY

WINTER GOODS Sold Regardless of Value! They must be closed and closed at once.

That we mean business the prices will show beyond question!

Special Mention!

Another small lot Breakfast Shawls, to

lot at 5¢ each.

Lot of 7 dozen Jerseys—perfect fitting—to

be closed at 25¢ each.

One lot Ladies' Long New Markets to close

at \$1.50; worth \$3.75.

One lot Ladies' Modjeskas, all colors, were

\$9 to \$12.00, to close at \$4.98.

Full Sized Bed Comforts!

Been selling at \$1; to be closed at 50¢ each.

Special lot fine Comforts, were \$2 to \$2.25 to

go now at \$1.25.

104 White Blankets, good weight, slightly

worn, to be closed at 30¢ pair.

Few Colored Blankets left. Must be closed

at some price. Call and see them.

Last of the Bankrupt Stock of Buttons. All

to go at 5¢ dozen. Some nice goods in the lot.

LACE CURTAINS | 3 Yards Long at

75 cents pair.

45-inch wide Lace Curtains, extra lengths,

at \$1 pair.

Fine lot Beaded Capes at \$4.50 to \$10. They

are beauties. See them. Now let in Saturday.

2 Cases Checked Nainsook at 5¢ yd.

Domestic Cotton Checks at 5¢ yd.

Good grade Sateens, French

patterns, at 8½¢ yard

HIGH has already more Sates than most Atlanta houses will show

the entire season.

New French goods, latest pat-

terns. Come and see them.

Fruit Loom Domestic at 7½ yard.

Tip-top line all wool Buggy Robes to be

sold cheap—from \$1.80 to \$5.

Colored Embroidered Skirt Flan-

nels, worth from \$1.25 to \$1.50

yard, to be closed at 90¢.

Turkish Bath Soap—Colgate's make—50¢

ton.

White Wing Soap, same make, 20¢ box, 3

inches in box.

Londonsdale Domestic 8½¢ yard.

Fancy French Flannels, lovely

goods, at 50¢ yard; worth 85¢.

EMBROIDERIES AND LACES!

Don't fail to stop at the first counter, to the left of main entrance and examine the new things in Embroideries and Laces. We have the best posted man in the southern states in this line in charge of these departments, and he says:

"Atlanta has never seen such a display of Fine Artistic Laces and Embroiderries."

Hemstitch and Corded Effects, Reversing Irish point, Nainsook and Jaconet edges and sets of every conceivable design. Match sets. Edges and insertions of Hamburg, Jaconet, Nainsook and Mallow.

Children's skirting in endless varieties from 35¢ to 50¢ yard.

Ladies' skirtings, and all over embroideries, in Irish points, Mulls and nainsooks. Corded and hemstitched patterns.

See the 60 inch embroideries for full costumes. They are beauties.

Torlison Smyrna and Medicci hand made lace of the most delicate and beautiful patterns; prices and styles to suit everybody.

24 inch Mull skirtings at 35¢ yd.

Ladies' skirtings, full 44 inch, to be sold at 30¢.

Special jobs in Hamburg embroideries and Torlison laces for our bargain counters. Great drives at 5, 10, 15, 20 and 25¢.

Marabo silk veiling at 7½ yd, sold every

where at 5¢.

3 and 5 stripe Grenadine and sewing silk

veiling. All colors.

Jam Hayden veiling. New lot of this late

style just in.

LINENS!

A feast for the housekeepers! Best time in the whole year to buy house furnishing goods!

We did an immense business in linens last week. This week we make prices that will more than double any previous week's sales in this department.

67 large size Turkish bath towels at 10¢ each buy this week an extra heavy linen oatmeal towel, 21x40 inches.

45 inch lined Huck towel, fine quality, extra weight, at 17¢.

Design Damask towels, beautiful patterns, superfine quality, size 24x48 inches, to be sold at 25¢.

At 25¢ the very best 45 inch linen Huck towel offered in Atlanta. It is a towel well worth 40¢. See it.

As leaders we offer this week two

SPECIAL LOTS OF FINE DAMASKS!

Which will make a sensation in the linen trade!

Lot 1—Consists of 38 pieces, pure white, half bleached, and oil, red Damask, fine, heavy quality, and not a piece in the lot worth less than 75¢. To go at 49¢.

Lot 2—Includes 44 pieces hand made cream bleached and oil red Damask. Every piece of superior weight, width and texture, worth from \$1 to \$1.50 yard. At the uniform price, 72¢.

Checked glass linen, good quality, at 7½

yard.

21 inch checked glass linen at 10¢ yard.

New lot stamped pillow shams, unique designs, at 25¢ pair.

Ladies' skirtings, and all over embroideries, in Irish points, Mulls and nainsooks. Corded and hemstitched patterns.

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Dress Goods.

We are now getting this stock in shape for the new arrivals of spring goods. Red ink

sale of short lengths combination suits and winter goods generally. Now is the time

for bargains.

Marseilles Quilts!

We have a lot of soiled Quilts yet

on hand. We will begin in the spring with a clean stock, and these must go. Half price buys them.

CLOAKS!

Children's Plush Cloaks at \$4, well worth

former price, 75¢.

One lot children's solid colors, 3 to 10 years

to go at 75¢—worth \$1.

All wool Henrietta, silk finish, 42 inches

wide, to go at 75¢—worth \$1.

45 inch silk finished Henrietta to go at 65¢,

worth 90¢.

48 inch all wool surah at 65¢, worth \$1.

Special line of fine French novelties, elegant

goods worth \$1 and \$1.25 to be slaughtered at

70¢ yard.

42 inch all wool Henrietta at 50¢ worth 65¢.

Crepe cloth, high grade, all wool. Priestley's

goods at 60¢ yard, worth \$1.

48 inch Diva Cloth, lovely qualities, worth

\$1.25 yard to close at 97¢.

42 inch all wool serge, regular 75¢ goods to

close at 75¢.

All wool surah twill—42 inches wide—worth

65¢ to close at 49¢.

Knit Underwear!

Gents' red all wool Knit Vests at 35¢ each,

worth 75¢, drawers to match.

Gents' Camel's Hair Suits, extra fine goods;

sold the season through at \$3.00, now to go at

\$1.65 suit.

TESTIMONIALS:

The proprietors are constantly receiving communications commending their preparation, and acknowledging its wonderful effects in relieving

the sufferings of women, but from motives of delicacy, many decline the public use of their names.

We are authorized to append a few, and we refer to a few others, which will suffice to show the drift of these letters, proving what great good LUXOMNI is doing, and what a great boon it is destined to become to suffering woman:

GENTLEMEN:—I was afflicted for nine years with female troubles, of a most painful character, by which my health was broken down.

All the efforts made by different physicians, and the use of various remedies were of no avail. I had almost despaired of ever being cured, when

I was advised to try LUXOMNI, and am now happy to inform you, that after three months use of the medicine, I am entirely relieved.

MRS. M. J. FOWLER, Ringgold, Ga.

GENTLEMEN:—For a long time I have been a sufferer from a complicated trouble, and found no relief from my afflictions until I began

the use of your excellent preparation, LUXOMNI. At first, had great doubts as to whether my condition would be benefitted by its use, as

there is a prejudice, not without foundation, towards all patent medicines.

I was destined to be deceived, however, for from the first dose of the tea my spirits began to revive, my strength gradually returned, and I can truly say that LUXOMNI has proven a boon to me.

MRS. M. J. REYNOLDS, Kilgore, Texas.

A lady of Oxanna, Ala., whose name is withheld, and who had been a sufferer with womb troubles for a long while, writes: "I have tried

your Luxomni, and find it has relieved me greatly. I feel better than I have felt for two years."

GENTLEMEN:—My daughter has suffered for several years with chlorosis. I have tried all kinds of medicines for the same, without much

effect, until about four months ago, I commenced the use of your Luxomni, since which time she has been steadily improving, and I think, is about

completely relieved. Very truly,

T. A. GUILLY, McDonough, Ga.

GENTLEMEN:—The lady whose case I brought to your notice, without knowing of your Luxomni, was promptly and greatly benefitted

by its use. The preparation was taken daily by her until after confinement, with the most satisfactory results. Its efficacy in her case, which

involved much suffering, and awakened great anxiety and many fears for her life, is decided proof of its excellence.

REV. J. M. M. CALDWELL, Rome, Ga.

GENTLEMEN:—We have been selling your Luxomni for some time, and find that it has given entire satisfaction in every case. Some

D. KNOTT & CO., McDonough, Ga.

GENERAL PRESENTMENTS OF THE GRAND JURY OF FULTON COUNTY.

A Full and Comprehensive Statement of County Affairs.

We, the grand jury, selected, chosen and sworn in the court room of the Fulton county superior court, make the following presentments:

Competent committees were selected for examining public buildings, roads and bridges, convict camps, county changing camps, almshouses and justice of the peace districts, all of which reports were unanimously adopted and are as follows:

PUBLIC BUILDINGS!

The courthouse is in good condition and house and grounds clean and well kept. The heating apparatus is entirely inadequate to the proper heating of the building, but it is supplemented by grates and stoves, so as to make comfortable conditions. As far as the management of heating seems to be concerned, most of the county officers, we leave the matter without recommendation.

The grand jury visited the jail in a bad condition. We found the building leaking badly and apparently in a very neglected condition. Our committee, however, visited the jail subsequently and found it vastly improved. We find the stairway leading to the women's quarters very narrow and steep, and the stairs of fire it would be almost impossible for the prisoners to escape. The defect should be remedied if possible, and also finding the women's cells poorly ventilated, and we think openings should be made in the rear so as to give a free passage of air.

The arrangements for washing clothes are very bad and entirely inadequate. There is no hot water spent in the washroom, and no stationary tubs, which would, we think, be a valuable improvement, and worth, from a sanitary point of view, more than their cost. We recommend that they be put in. The cells we find freshly whitewashed and in a clean condition, and the absence of any smell about them, but in view of the cold weather which is upon us, when outside, fresh air is necessary cut off. We recommend that close covers be fitted to the water closet seats, they now being open.

We find the quarters of the United States prisoners in the yard in a very dilapidated and poor condition, and recommend that they be thoroughly overhauled and repaired at once. We also think strong should be placed on the importance of having a separate building for the kitchen, we find in a very neat and clean condition, but there is complaint of short

dates, there being but two meals served a day, and this complaint is generally among the United States prisoners confined for breach of the revenue laws. We find the jail terribly overcrowded, and recommend an addition at once be made, which would at least double its present capacity. We would especially recommend, and urge upon the county commissioners, the expediency of erecting one or two buildings in which the minors can be confined in separate quarters from the older criminals. We think this should be done at once. We find the tracks to the step leading up to the upper tier of cells, also passage way in front, very badly worn, and we think they should be renewed at once. Many of the planks are very thin, and one is worn through, leaving a good-sized hole.

We recommend that all outside doors leading into the jail should be of iron—they now being of wood and very light, and of no use if the jail should be attacked by a mob.

RAILROADS AND BRIDGES.

Our committee of competent members make the following report, to which we ask special attention of the county commissioners:

We have traveled over about one hundred miles of the principal thoroughfares leading to the city, and find them in pretty good condition. We find on the Mayson and Turners' ferry road a mile or two graded and rubbed—a very acceptable road. We also found a part of the county changing camp winding down rubble on the Marietta and Jonesboro T. & C. Co.'s road, running good. We think it is safe to recommend, and we recommend that the county commissioners hire all the able-bodied convicts that they can get from other counties at reasonable prices, as it will not increase the expense of the county for guards and bosses. We find about five miles from the city, on the Jonesboro road, the Atlanta and Florida railroad runs for some distance in the edge of the public road, and it makes it very dangerous. It should have the prompt attention of the commissioners.

We find the bridge across Nancy's creek, on the Powers Ferry road, in very bad condition and recommend a new bridge. We also think there should be a new bridge at Walker's mill, across Clear creek. We also think there should be a bridge across Sandy creek, on the road leading from Bolton to Adensville, near the residence of Mr. Knight. We also recommend that the approach to Plaster's bridge, across Peachtree creek, should be repaired. These great evils should be remedied. Given to the people good and safe bonds; the amount above the home- stead, let the person be sent to prison to await trial.

COUNTY PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We have submitted to us a very comprehensive report for 1887, from Hon. John N. Fain, county school commissioner. It is his fourth annual report, and shows a marked improvement in the right place.

The county board of education consists of five members, with Adam S. Pool as president. The board have located and have had in successful operation forty-one public schools during 1887, twenty-eight for white and thirteen for colored pupils.

Total number of pupils, 2,575.

Of this number 912 white male pupils.

492 colored female pupils.

The schools have been taught usually in the months of July, August and September. The average monthly cost of tuition for each pupil was about one dollar and six and a half cents. The following table will show the number of pupils to each branch of study named:

Orthography, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, 2,123	Arithmetic, 1,930
Geography, 767	Latin, 454

The commissioners report that the parents throughout the county show great desire to avail themselves of the school privileges, and we hope the county commissioners will provide liberally for the help of our people in this direction as means can be secured.

We, the grand jury, will welcome the further appropriations looking towards giving the children of the county schools a better education in each year, instead of three months, as we now have, or the months promised for 1888.

COUNTY OFFICES.

The grand jury for the spring term, 1888, asked that W. F. Parkhurst and W. T. Wall, two expert accountants, be employed by the county commissioners to examine and prove the county books and records.

We have from the grand jury and citizens visited the state convict camp of the Chattahoochee Bridge company. It was found in admirable condition. Everything looks clean and healthy; their sleeping apartments are well ventilated, and well provided with stoves for heating purposes in cold weather. We inspected their hospital thoroughly and consider it a credit to the company. We found the prison food to be fair, but not quite so good as those at such a place as the penitentiary. We find the food to be fair, and that what we eat is good. The professional bond makers should be permitted. We learn that in not a few instances, by witnesses before our body, that Adam Beck, P. F. Freeman and John Anderson were not owners of enough property to cover the homestead limit. Adam Beck testified before our body that in real estate and personal property, he was worth about one thousand and that he owed about four hundred and dollars, and sixty dollars he furthermore testified that he did not care to pay over to the knowledge of the parties who called upon him to do so, and that the attorney who called upon him to do so, told him that it was all firm and that he had nothing to fear in a bond given in a justice of the peace court. He also testified that he was paid money for the use of his name, and many promises were made by the attorney. All these professional bondsmen testified to about the same. John Anderson, we learn, is worth nothing pecuniarily. These bonds are approved by our recorder and a justice of the peace, and we believe are everywhere good. These are great evils and should be remedied. Given to the people good and safe bonds; the amount above the homestead limit, or let the person be sent to prison to await trial.

COUNTY CHAIN GANG CAMP.

We find the prison near the East Tennessee shops in very fair condition, except the kitchen cooking utensils, etc., which are disgustingly filthy. We think the free use of lime and whitewash about the place generally would add to its appearance and healthfulness. This camp is admirably situated on a high knoll, well laid off and so arranged as to save everything very carefully. Even the wash from pig pens, dog kennels, stock barns and multi- lot, which are which necessarily accumulate, are washed away in the stream which flows through the camp.

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1887—Not on digest.....	\$ 679 27
Which includes 120 polls, 3 professions.....	
1888—On digest..... \$173,826 01	
Not on digest..... 1,981 91	19,364 51
On digest includes 510 polls,	
Professions.....	
Not on digest includes 290	
Polls, 5 professions.....	
Total general collections..... \$26,810 72	
Special collection..... 25 00	
Total collections..... \$26,835 72	
Less payments to county treasurer:	
October—\$2,500 00	
November—100 00	
December—100 00	
Total—\$3,200 00	
To state to comptroller-general..... \$ 229 47	
State's proportion:	
1888—General and capital..... 48 96	48 96
1887—General and capital..... 56 15	56 15
Polls—General and capital..... 2 00	28 15
1887—General and capital..... 5,327 14	
Polls..... 158 00	
Professions..... 120 00	3,755 14
Total—\$3,229 37	
Less commission to comptroller-general..... \$ 229 47	
State's proportion:	
1888—General and capital..... 48 96	48 96
1887—General and capital..... 56 15	56 15
Polls—General and capital..... 2 00	28 15
1887—General and capital..... 5,327 14	
Polls..... 158 00	3,755 14
Professions..... 120 00	
Total—\$3,229 37	
Less commission 5 per cent..... \$ 3,675 25	
1887—Not on digest..... \$ 3,675 25	
General and capital..... 99 82	
1888—General and capital..... 470 60	
Polls..... 50 00	
Professions..... 50 00	
Total—\$3,675 25	
Less commission 5 per cent..... \$ 3,675 25	
1887—Not on digest..... \$ 3,675 25	
General and capital..... 99 82	
1888—General and capital..... 470 60	
Polls..... 50 00	
Professions..... 50 00	
Total—\$3,675 25	
Less commission 10 per cent..... 7 45	592 31
1888—Not on digest..... 7,371 08	
General and capital..... 1,616 46	
Polls..... 516 00	
Professions..... 250 00	
Total—\$7,371 08	
Less commission paid over by J. T. Cooper, clerk county commissioners..... 229 47	
Amount check deposited with R. E. Hardeman on account..... \$15,028 74	
1888, to be held..... 5,500 00	
Less overpaid..... 41 14—\$ 5,458 86	
Total amount due state..... \$30,258 13	
List of collections made by tax collector since Report of 1888:	
For 1888—On digest to October 15, 1888..... \$12,329 20	
On digest to October 18, 1888..... 1,650 15	
Not on digest, October 18, 1888..... 1,919 21	
One special..... 25 00	
Total—\$15,905 66	
Which includes 770 polls, 29 professions.	
For 1887 On insolvent list..... \$6,501 90	
Not on digest..... 679 27	7,271 17
which includes 690 polls, 15 professions.	
For 1886 Back taxes..... \$ 69 14	
1886 Back taxes..... 165 90	
Both of which includes 3 polls..... \$3,249 87	
DISTRIBUTION:	
1885.	
Amount due state, general and capital..... \$ 48 96	
Polls..... 1 00	
Less commission 5 percent..... \$ 49 96	
Due county..... 2 50	47 46
Less commission 5 percent..... 2 50	
1886.	
Due state, general and capital..... \$ 36 15	
Polls..... 2 00	\$ 38 15
Less commission 5 percent..... 3 91	\$ 36 24
County..... 30 90	
Less commission 5 percent..... 1 55	29 44
1887.	
Due state, general and capital..... \$ 6,615 98	
Polls..... 668 00	
Professional..... 150 00	\$ 4,884 98
Less commission 5 percent..... 219 25	\$ 4,165 73
County..... 2,882 19	
Less commission 5 percent..... 144 30	2,741 89
1888.	
Due state, general and capital..... \$ 7,987 56	
Polls..... 770 00	
Professional..... 290 00	
Less commission..... \$ 9,447 46	
Less commission..... 278 45	
Due special..... \$ 25 00	
Less commissions, 10 percent..... 22 50—	8,796 61
County's proportion..... 53 04	
1886—Back taxes..... 30 90	
1886—Insolvent..... 2,805 76	
Less commission, 5 percent..... 141 68—	7,274 01
1887—Not on digest..... 79 45	
Less commission 10 percent..... 1 00	78 45
1888—Not on digest..... 7,695 66	
Not on digest..... 750 88	
Less commission..... \$ 8,840 95	
Less commission..... 225 50	8,120 44
Credit by payments to county treasurer:	
October—2,500 00	
November—600 00	
By T. J. Cooper, clerk..... 193 37	8,120 44
Add amount balance due on account 1886..... \$7,054 53	
Amount due..... \$10,694 65—	
F. W. PARKER, REI., W. T. WALL, Committee.	
A SORE THROAT is soon relieved by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old remedy for Bronchial and Pulmonary disorders.	
REGAL ROBES.	
Three Toilets Worn by Miss Abbott in a Single Evening.	
Three toilets worn by Miss Emma Abbott are beautiful in the extreme and worthy of admiration by all. They are thus described by the fashion reporters of eastern an metropolitan journal:	
The first robe, a gown in which Miss Abbott makes her appearance in act I as "Queen Marie" is bewildering in its beauty. The work is silver-white moire antique; the design a floral one, wrought in hand embroidery. In and out among the net work of vines and blossoms silver and golden butterflies and bright-colored humming birds seem to fly. All these are in nature's silver and colors, the effect is startling and at the same time beautiful. The corsage is low, ending in a point front and back. The front is a network of delicate vines, and just emerging from this on either side is a full-sized humming bird on the wing. The neck and shoulders are daintily treated, and the bodice which is a pretty partial revival of that worn by Marie Antoinette. This is wrought in pearls and colors to match the shirt. The latter is in five panels, four forming the double tablier and sides, the fifth sweeping off in a graceful train at the back. Each of these panels is embroidered in the intricate designs before mentioned; and new idea of the elegance may be formed when it is known that the embroidery alone cost more than \$1,000, and required the work of five women as many months.	
THE SECOND ROBE.	
While the first costume was adorned for its delicate beauty and richness, act II brought out one which is gorgeous in its details. Two colors are used, red and yellow, and in selection of materials for this beautiful costume, ruby and amber the harmony of contrast is complete. The front is of amber velvet, the sides of ruby, and the train a combination of the two. Over all is a network of silver and pearls, which greatly enhances its brilliancy. While the dress is worn a royal mantle, bordered with a deep band of emerald and extends for yards over the gown and its train. With both these dresses Miss Abbott wears a charming tiara studded with rubies, opals, sapphires and diamonds; and a necklace composed of exquisite gems.	
THE THIRD ROBE.	
In the last act the broken-hearted queen appears in a costume of raven velvet, which suggests the ruggedness and severity of the north. The fabric is rich velvet and the blackness, from throat to foot is broken only by two magnificent strands of diamonds; and these are worn in a sweetly suggestive manner as a cross over the heart. A dainty headress resembling a widow's cap completes the costume.	
These toilets are fair examples of a great number worn by Miss Abbott, for whom the most renowned designers of Paris	

SOME STAGE WOMEN

WHO HAVE RECENTLY BEEN SEEN IN SHAKSPEAREAN PLAYS.

Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Langtry and Marie Wainwright—Miss Anderson and Miss Marlowe.

Some Have Beauty and a Few Genius.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1889.—[Special Correspondence: THE CONSTITUTION.]—The undoubted feature of the dramatic year, at least so far as New York is concerned, has been the revival of Shakspearian plays by prominent actresses. These have come upon us in several stages and degrees of merit, and will have been interesting in their particular creations.

Three women have attracted the attention of the public in the last few weeks, and by widely different means. These three were Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Langtry, and the beautiful woman whose stage name is Marie Wainwright; three—and I am sure you will all agree with me—of the handsomest women upon the stage.

As to their beauty, there is nothing to be said. Mrs. Potter was a famous society beauty before she went upon the stage. Mrs. Langtry was the leader of the London coterie of professional beauties, and Mrs. James, by which I mean Marie Wainwright, is the possessor not only of a delicate, refined beauty in herself, but her professional training has been such that, as she appears upon the stage, she is the handsomest of the three.

They differ in their degrees of beauty and in their style, but more widely different are they in their ability as exhibited upon the stage. The first, Mrs. Potter, deserves but little consideration—almost none at all from an artistic standpoint. She is about as poor an actress as anybody who has yet attempted the life before the footlights. But her recent production of "Antony and Cleopatra" was the means of once more bringing her before the notice of the public, and it came in time, for she was fast dropping into professional oblivion. There was little merit in the performance, but it showed a real desire for artistic success, and for this we give her all the credit that is due. She still continues to draw good audiences, but it is due more, it must be acknowledged, through the questionable methods of robing, or rather dressing, and on this account alone she is able to draw audiences.

The second is Mrs. Langtry. Langtry's success—for she has made a success in some ways at least—stands as evidence of the ability of a shrewd woman. It was as a professional beauty that we first heard of her, and during the few years that her beauty remained, she played this role with great success. The father who Dr. Mata Johnson, manager of a theater in Milledgeville, Ga., and a physician of note.

Ima di Murska's remains were cremated at Gotha last week. The urn containing her ashes was inscribed: "These ashes are all that remains of a nightingale."

An affecting incident was noted at the touching performance of "The Old Homestead" at the Academy of Music, (New York,) last Tuesday evening. In the middle of the drama, while the scene was set in a cabin, Patti was telling his more than usually nice assortment of scenes of the largest size, a respectable soprano, who had been singing in the orchestra suddenly gave way to convulsive sobbing. A blush of horror fell upon the house, and the audience, that perh. one of the most select in the world, were shocked at the sight. The girl, who had been singing so sweetly, was now a mere child, and the audience, that perh. one of the most select in the world, were shocked at the sight.

The Mirror tells this story: A novel sight was witnessed in the Savannah, Ga., theater recently during a performance of *He, She and Her*. It consisted of three pairs of twin boys, accompanied by their mothers, who occupied orchestra seats. The girls were dressed in a very gay manner, and were evidently the daughters of a great man.

The second is Mrs. Langtry. Langtry's Lady Macbeth, or concerning her conception of this character, has been about the best thing in the play. It is evident that her performance added a very great deal to her professional reputation. It may not have been great, but it was more than good, and we see in her work the evolution from a society actress to society beauty to the woman who, while lacking genius, has genuine merit.

And now for the third. With everything in the way of beauty that either Mrs. Potter or Mrs. Langtry can claim, Miss Wainwright has also what is rightly called genius. Her rendering of Rosalind has been in every respect an artistic success, and it is a genuine treat, pleasant and healthful, to see her in the role. She has attained her position against many obstacles. From Josephine in *Tintoretto*, to Rosalind is a mighty big jump, yet one of the most attractive Josephines has become the latest Rosalind. Her success has been marked, and her career shows a steady growth of artistic development. The three of them form an interesting study, and it seems to me a little remarkable that we should have had all three here together.By the time THE CONSTITUTION readers have seen this, Mrs. Langtry will have made another departure, one which is now being looked forward to with a very great deal of interest. On Saturday night she is to appear as "Rosalind." The fact that she can act, which was first revealed in the closing scenes of *Romeo and Juliet*, has been a great boon to the theater. The girl can sing, and she has also what is rightly called genius. Her rendering of Rosalind has been in every respect an artistic success, and it is a genuine treat, pleasant and healthful, to see her in the role. She has attained her position against many obstacles. From Josephine in *Tintoretto*, to Rosalind is a mighty big jump, yet one of the most attractive Josephines has become the latest Rosalind. Her success has been marked, and her career shows a steady growth of artistic development. The three of them form an interesting study, and it seems to me a little remarkable that we should have had all three here together.

First Actor—Say, Charlie, who is this? Second Actor—Blamed if I know; there's so many that were Mrs. Potter again to attempt to women that she would herself shut out from many of the aristocratic homes where she was often a most welcome visitor.

Mrs. Potter's career, and the way she has been talked about for certain queer actions, both in Europe and this country, has been a subject of much talk and interest. But I don't mean that society has given her a cold shoulder by failing to patronize her, for the opposite is true; but society now treats her as an actress, not as a society woman.

Two of the subjects of stage women, there are two of whom I want to speak. The first of them is Mrs. Anderson, the second Miss Julia Marlowe.

Miss Anderson's recent letter to the North American Review in which she strikes a blow at what are technically known as society actresses, has been widely discussed. It was believed that she hit at Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter. This is not true, but Miss Anderson has taken pains to offset as far as possible any such belief by sending to each of the ladies assurance that they were not meant.

Then there was a question as to the authenticity of the article and Miss Anderson was quoted as having said that while she signed her name and assumed the responsibilities of the article, she was not the real author. Now she denys both and declares that she never made such a statement and that she is the author of the letter.

However, that may be, she has jump said some clever things about stage women, some things which women contemplating any such jump would do well to consider. But I am not going to criticize her or attempt to do so. I will, however, say that her article, as I do not care to be mixed up in any man's nights. It is now between Miss Anderson and any who may feel aggrieved at what she has said. The rest will stand by and see them fight it out.

But Miss Marlowe is different. Miss Marlowe is a genuine. Her success as an artistic standpointhas been great. She seems to have been born with every advantage, and without any unpleasant accompaniments. Few geniuses are quite or even passably good looking, but Miss Marlowe, barring her little turned up nose, has both genius and beauty. She is the equal of any great beauty in the world, and nearly tore his eye out. The pain caused him to release the negro boy and all three of them escaped. Such things are of almost constant occurrence, and as summer comes on these gangs of negro boys increase. They are worse than the English sparrows. If the police bag a dozen or so of them an intolerable nuisance will be created.

Matter That Should Be Remedied.

A gentleman said yesterday:

"I never see a policeman on Peachtree street. There are gaols of negro boys, predators and bold, that spend their whole time in devilmaking along that street. The other day I saw them deliberately rocking two countrymen in a wagon. One of the countrymen jumped out, and after a chase, caught one of the boys in Kanner's store. He was holding a boy by the collar, and his comrade summoned a policeman. The boys advanced on him, demanded the release of their comrade, and, when refused, one of them struck him in the head with a rock and nearly tore his eye out.

The dramatic paper

about the "Lotto" in the Lamar, Lamar, Bell.

rather insignificant play called "The Royal Train."

Some shrewd writer has unmasked this brilliant southern society belle, and finds beneath the mask—who do you think?

Blanche Marsden.

A few weeks ago Blanche Marsden's name was in every newspaper, and it was there because her father, poor Fred Marsden, took his own life, bearing the disgrace which his daughter brought him. And now she is Blanche Lamar.

Not at all disconcerted by the expose, she announces that hereafter she will be known as Blanche Marsden, and that she intends to make all the money she can by sticking to the stage. She is likely to make a good, long record so far shows no lack of the qualities that are known as gall, and the circumstances of her poor father's death are likely to be quickly forgotten, save by her few intimate friends.

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WITH THE MAGAZINISTS.

JULE VERNE'S DESCRIPTION OF THE YEAR 2889.

The Marquis of Lorne or "Obstacles to Annexation,"—Is Our Climate Changing? Senator Morgan on Negro Suffrage.

In the Forum, the Marquis of Lorne springs some important points in the annexation question, and shows some interesting political possibilities. Canada were once in the union. His description of the French Canadian is surprising, coming from an Englishman, and their intense nationality suggests ideas that the marquis does not seem to have seen the significance of. Professor Cleveland Abbe discusses the change of climate, and Senator Morgan has something to say about slave-catchers.

Mrs. Peal's review of the article on "Millionaires of the Pacific Coast" will be read with interest. It will be followed by another on the Comstock millionaires and the land and cattle kings.

MILLIONAIRES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.—The Cosmopolitan.

George H. Fitch has a series of sketches in the Cosmopolitan of the wonderful career of some half dozen of men, whose millions make the fabled wealth of Monte Cristo seem poor and mean, and whose fortunes would have been called royal even in the days of Caesar and Imperial Rome.

Balzac, with his grand imagination, never conceived anything more dramatic, more picturesque, more essentially unreal than the rise to fortune of the score of men who may be classed among the great millionaires of the Pacific coast. The wealth of Girard, Stetson, Vanderbilt, was still more fabulously gathered, when compared with that sudden leap to fortune of the railroad and bonanza kings of California. Just think of the Bonanza mines of the Comstock lode, that within five years lifted four men above the twenty million limit, and added four hundred million to the world's wealth. How does a man who does not believe in God, and a thing as a million dollar set around that?

M. Fitch arranges his millionaires like the geological formations of the earth, in three ages.

The primary period embraces the famous men who made the golden state known around the world. They were the pioneers, the Argonauts, the adventurers who built a state in the wilderness, and made a nation in a single lifetime. The wretched, Spanish-American cattle raising territory into one of the richest states of the union, with resources as varied as its climate and with all the appliances of an older civilization grafted on the vigorous life of the frontier. The most prominent of these pioneers were Harry Meigs, who sailed out of the golden gate at night with a fleet of deluded creditors, and who financed an enormous fortune as a railroad builder in Peru; Sam Brannan, who founded his wealth on Mormon tithe money, was the foremost citizen of San Francisco in its stormy youth, and then suddenly dropped out of sight to vegetate in Sonora, and dream of another great fortune to be made out of the lands of Mexico granted him by the Mexican government, but now in possession of the fierce Yaqui Indians; William C. Ralston, the Napoleon of the far west, who did much to develop California than any score of his associates, and who died by his own hand when ruin stared him in the face; and William T. Coleman, the leader of the revolution in California, that took San Francisco from the rule of gamblers and thieves and made honest government possible.

The secondary period is the era of the railway kings, "which saw the conquest of the snow-crowned Sierra Nevada, and of the alkali desert that stretches away eastward from the base of the mountain range." The chief of these was the railroad Stanford, Mark Hopkins, Collis P. Huntington and Charles Crocker, known in negro minstrel parlance as the "Big Four," whose combined wealth is estimated at one hundred and eighty millions. The tertiary period is the age of the bonanza kings, which saw the development of the Comstock lode in Nevada. The rich silver vein in story, the addition of over four hundred million dollars to the world's supply of precious metals in ten years. It includes the names of Blood, O'Brien, Fair, Mackay, Mason and Jones.

Another and a later era must embrace the land and speculative millionaires like Haggard, Tevis, Miller, Lux, Hearst, Baldwin and others whose wealth is above the ten million mark.

All these were poor men thirty years ago, and fortune first came to them because they were shrewd, energetic, foresighted, economical abstemious. Their histories all show crushing disappointments and losses at the outset of their careers, but these disasters served only to bring them to the mettle of which they were made, and to stamp them as types of the American, the best representative today of the sterling qualities of the Anglo-Saxon, the world conqueror."

LIEUTENANT RAILWAY KINGS.

Mr. Fitch gives the first place in his sketch of the building of the Central Pacific to LeGrand Stanford, the man who built and paid for it, was the leader in the enterprise. He went to California in 1852 and quit the practice of the law to engage in general merchandise. In ten years he was the possessor of \$100,000, and in 1861 he was elected governor by the republicans. It was the same year that a project of spanning the continent with a rail-road was made, and the California legislature granted a charter to a company of which Stanford was president and Huntington vice-president. Stanford was given the practical management of the building and operation of the road on the Pacific coast, while Huntington controlled the equally important and difficult department of securing government aid and Wilson, and the negotiation of the company's contracts at home and abroad. Mark Hopkins was a skillful financier, while Charles Crocker had negative ability, and was responsible for the completion of details.

Stanford's plan was to build a road to the West Coast, and to have it completed in time to meet the trans-Pacific steamship. He had no money, and his splendid houses were only built in order that his wife and two children should enjoy all that wealth could bring. He had in the city of San Mateo a magnificent estate, which he has converted into a garden, and in the center has built a noble country house, which is considered the handsomest thing on the Pacific coast. The style is Italian Renaissance, but it is on too grand a scale to be described here.

Mr. Flood's San Francisco residence is noticeable as the only house of Connecticut brown stone in the city. It is Roman classic in architecture, one hundred and fifty feet long, and

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Stanford was elected to the State Senate without opposition, and is broad, liberal and accomplished, and worth fifty million. He has homes in New York, Washington and San Francisco. The latter, situated on what has been irreverently called "Nob Hill," cost one million five hundred thousand dollars. It is rich in wood carvings and frescoes, and the interior contains the largest collection of old masters outside a public gallery in this country.

His favorite home is his estate at Poto Alto in the heart of the Santa Clara valley. Stanford's only passion is for fine horses, and he likes to sit in a large chair in the center of a ring and see his favorite ponies race around him.

It was while watching one of these fast trotters—an animal which had the enormous stride of twenty-three feet—that the millionaire conceived the idea that in some part of his course the horse must entirely clear the ground, and have all four feet in the air. So he decided to have his horses photographed while in motion. He arranged a nice little instantaneous process by which he had a view of the animal as he passed the home line. About forty thousand dollars were spent on these experiments, but they overthrow all previous notions on the subject, and the work which Senator Stanford had written and published, called "The Horse in Motion," is a valuable contribution to science.

Stanford's only child, a bright, promising boy, died about six years ago. He sought distraction from grief in building as a memorial to his dear son, a great industrial university, more

generous in scope and endowment than any in this country. The "Leland Stanford, Jr., University" has just been completed on a scale of great magnificence, and with an endowment of more than twenty millions.

Adjoining the Stanford mansion in San Francisco is the splendid Norman castle of Mrs. Mark Hopkins. By the time the railroad was completed Hopkins had a king's ransom left with which his mind was gone, and had forgotten his own identity. One day his medical attendant took him to the top of the hill, and when he saw his own house nearing completion he asked: "What infernal fool is wasting money on such a house as that?" Mrs. Hopkins has also a splendid house at Great Barrington, Mass. She is the widow of a millionaire.

In the next block above the Stanford and Hopkins' palaces, is the large and pretentious residence of Charles Crocker. It is finely furnished and has a large art gallery. Crocker's executive ability was of great assistance in building the railroad, but he is far inferior to his associates in mental capacity and in education. He is also in charge of building the new Pacific.

Crocker is worth thirty millions and has the reputation of being the most merciless of any of the millionaires. Some idea of his character may be gained from this incident. When he bought the block on which his present residence stands, the timber and stumps were all cut down, so that when his avavice became excited by the millionaire's intent eagerness to buy, he gradually increased his price after each successive offer. Finally Crocker became enraged, and built a huge fence twenty-five feet high around the house and lot of the German. The latter soon had to remove his house, and is now in his grave, but the timber and stumps were all cut down to mark the millionaire's wrath. Of all the "big four," Huntington is least known in California. For more than twenty years he has made his home in New York and Washington. In shrewdness and knowledge of men he ranks above Stanford and as a manipulator of railroad and other large enterprises he is still equal to Jay Gould. He is a great organizer and an accomplished diplomat. He lives simply and quietly in New York, and cares very little for outward display. His fortune is estimated at forty millions, but is probably beyond that, as he does not spend half his income.

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Crocker is worth thirty millions and has the reputation of being the most merciless of any of the millionaires. Some idea of his character may be gained from this incident. When he bought the block on which his present residence stands, the timber and stumps were all cut down, so that when his avavice became excited by the millionaire's intent eagerness to buy, he gradually increased his price after each successive offer. Finally Crocker became enraged, and built a huge fence twenty-five feet high around the house and lot of the German. The latter soon had to remove his house, and is now in his grave, but the timber and stumps were all cut down to mark the millionaire's wrath. Of all the "big four," Huntington is least known in California. For more than twenty years he has made his home in New York and Washington. In shrewdness and knowledge of men he ranks above Stanford and as a manipulator of railroad and other large enterprises he is still equal to Jay Gould. He is a great organizer and an accomplished diplomat. He lives simply and quietly in New York, and cares very little for outward display. His fortune is estimated at forty millions, but is probably beyond that, as he does not spend half his income.

IS OUR CLIMATE CHANGING?—The Forum. By Professor Cleveland Abbe.

The Marquis of Lorne or "Obstacles to Annexation,"—Is Our Climate Changing? Senator Morgan on Negro Suffrage.

In the Forum, the Marquis of Lorne springs some important points in the annexation question, and shows some interesting political possibilities. Canada were once in the union. His description of the French Canadian is surprising, coming from an Englishman, and their intense nationality suggests ideas that the marquis does not seem to have seen the significance of. Professor Cleveland Abbe discusses the change of climate, and Senator Morgan has something to say about slave-catchers.

Mrs. Peal's review of the article on "Millionaires of the Pacific Coast" will be read with interest. It will be followed by another on the Comstock millionaires and the land and cattle kings.

MILLIONAIRES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.—The Cosmopolitan.

George H. Fitch has a series of sketches in the Cosmopolitan of the wonderful career of some half dozen of men, whose millions make the fabled wealth of Monte Cristo seem poor and mean, and whose fortunes would have been called royal even in the days of Caesar and Imperial Rome.

Balzac, with his grand imagination, never conceived anything more dramatic, more picturesque, more essentially unreal than the rise to fortune of the score of men who may be classed among the great millionaires of the Pacific coast. The wealth of Girard, Stetson, Vanderbilt, was still more fabulously gathered, when compared with that sudden leap to fortune of the railroad and bonanza kings of California. Just think of the Bonanza mines of the Comstock lode, that within five years lifted four men above the twenty million limit, and added four hundred million to the world's wealth. How does a man who does not believe in God, and a thing as a million dollar set around that?

M. Fitch arranges his millionaires like the geological formations of the earth, in three ages.

The primary period embraces the famous men who made the golden state known around the world. They were the pioneers, the Argonauts, the adventurers who built a state in the wilderness, and made a nation in a single lifetime. The wretched, Spanish-American cattle raising territory into one of the richest states of the union, with resources as varied as its climate and with all the appliances of an older civilization grafted on the vigorous life of the frontier. The most prominent of these pioneers were Harry Meigs, who sailed out of the golden gate at night with a fleet of deluded creditors, and who financed an enormous fortune as a railroad builder in Peru; Sam Brannan, who founded his wealth on Mormon tithe money, was the foremost citizen of San Francisco in its stormy youth, and then suddenly dropped out of sight to vegetate in Sonora, and dream of another great fortune to be made out of the lands of Mexico granted him by the Mexican government, but now in possession of the fierce Yaqui Indians; William C. Ralston, the Napoleon of the far west, who did much to develop California than any score of his associates, and who died by his own hand when ruin stared him in the face; and William T. Coleman, the leader of the revolution in California, that took San Francisco from the rule of gamblers and thieves and made honest government possible.

The secondary period is the era of the railway kings, "which saw the conquest of the snow-crowned Sierra Nevada, and of the alkali desert that stretches away eastward from the base of the mountain range." The chief of these was the railroad Stanford, Mark Hopkins, Collis P. Huntington and Charles Crocker, known in negro minstrel parlance as the "Big Four," whose combined wealth is estimated at one hundred and eighty millions. The tertiary period is the age of the bonanza kings, which saw the development of the Comstock lode in Nevada. The rich silver vein in story, the addition of over four hundred million dollars to the world's supply of precious metals in ten years. It includes the names of Blood, O'Brien, Fair, Mackay, Mason and Jones.

Another and a later era must embrace the land and speculative millionaires like Haggard, Tevis, Miller, Lux, Hearst, Baldwin and others whose wealth is above the ten million mark.

All these were poor men thirty years ago, and fortune first came to them because they were shrewd, energetic, foresighted, economical abstemious. Their histories all show crushing disappointments and losses at the outset of their careers, but these disasters served only to bring them to the mettle of which they were made, and to stamp them as types of the American, the best representative today of the sterling qualities of the Anglo-Saxon, the world conqueror."

LIEUTENANT RAILWAY KINGS.

Mr. Fitch gives the first place in his sketch of the building of the Central Pacific to LeGrand Stanford, the man who built and paid for it, was the leader in the enterprise. He went to California in 1852 and quit the practice of the law to engage in general merchandise. In ten years he was the possessor of \$100,000, and in 1861 he was elected governor by the republicans. It was the same year that a project of spanning the continent with a rail-road was made, and the California legislature granted a charter to a company of which Stanford was president and Huntington vice-president. Stanford was given the practical management of the building and operation of the road on the Pacific coast, while Huntington controlled the equally important and difficult department of securing government aid and Wilson, and the negotiation of the company's contracts at home and abroad. Mark Hopkins was a skillful financier, while Charles Crocker had negative ability, and was responsible for the completion of details.

Stanford was elected to the State Senate without opposition, and is broad, liberal and accomplished, and worth fifty million. He has homes in New York, Washington and San Francisco. The latter, situated on what has been irreverently called "Nob Hill," cost one million five hundred thousand dollars. It is rich in wood carvings and frescoes, and the interior contains the largest collection of old masters outside a public gallery in this country.

His favorite home is his estate at Poto Alto in the heart of the Santa Clara valley. Stanford's only passion is for fine horses, and he likes to sit in a large chair in the center of a ring and see his favorite ponies race around him.

It was while watching one of these fast trotters—an animal which had the enormous stride of twenty-three feet—that the millionaire conceived the idea that in some part of his course the horse must entirely clear the ground, and have all four feet in the air. So he decided to have his horses photographed while in motion. He arranged a nice little instantaneous process by which he had a view of the animal as he passed the home line. About forty thousand dollars were spent on these experiments, but they overthrow all previous notions on the subject, and the work which Senator Stanford had written and published, called "The Horse in Motion," is a valuable contribution to science.

Stanford's only child, a bright, promising boy, died about six years ago. He sought distraction from grief in building as a memorial to his dear son, a great industrial university, more

generous in scope and endowment than any in this country. The "Leland Stanford, Jr., University" has just been completed on a scale of great magnificence, and with an endowment of more than twenty millions.

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Grand Republic Cigarros !

Grand Republic Buffos !

17,000,000 SOLD IN 1887!

22,000,000 SOLD IN 1888 !

SMOKERS!

Lend us your ear until we can tell you of the great superiority of our

GRAND REPUBLIC CIGARROS!

—AND—

GRAND REPUBLIC BUFFOS!

They are unquestionably the finest Cigars yet produced in the smoking line. They are absolutely LONG HAVANA FILLER. Clean, pure and aromatic as anything you ever smoked. The success of our CIGARROS AND BUFFOS is unparalleled in the history of the weed, proving conclusively that the consumer knows a good article when he tries it. It is only after 30 years of experience, and a large outlay of money, that we are enabled to place before you such meritorious goods as

GRAND REPUBLIC BUFFOS, FOUR FOR 10c **GRAND REPUBLIC CIGARROS, FIVE FOR 25c**

WE GUARANTEE THE GOODS TO BE FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

GEORGE P. LIES & CO.---Factory No. 200 Third District, New York.

When you ask for these two brands, and your dealer does not keep them, beware of taking substitutes (something just as good) and go to the next store, until you find what you want. When the consumer knows what he wants and will be firm in his demand, there will be no trouble about the goods showing up.

Let your "slogan" be from this time forward, THE RED SEAL, FACTORY 200, as all others are base imitations or counterfeits to deceive the unsuspecting.

Now that we have made the plan of obtaining these goods plain and simple, let no man say "I have tried and been deceived." Remember, it is your last chance to get a "through ticket to the smoker's paradise."

NOW A WORD TO THE RETAILERS.

This is a progressive age. If you want to build up your trade, or hold what you have got, you must keep a good cigar with a Spanish filler. Take a pride in handling standard goods that are guaranteed by the manufacturer to be as represented, or money refunded. Don't dicker too much about one or two dollars less per thousand, for that is the rock upon which many a merchant has foundered. Remember that a "nimble penny beats a slow shilling" in a cigar race, and to win you must play your best card first, last and all the time.

The Grand Republic Cigarros and Buffos are what the people want. Popular goods and popular prices, and you will find it to your interest in the long run to keep them. Now, beware of counterfeits and imitations, as we have warned the public against them, and will vigorously prosecute all imitations or infringements upon our style of packages. Red Seal and veneer package.

The demand is increasing daily. Do not delay mailing us your orders. Ask salesmen to show you samples of **BUFFOS AND CIGARROS**, or mail your order direct to us. Sold by all first-class dealers.

W. A. RUSSELL, -:- -:- -:- WHOLESALE AGENT,

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

TEXAS TERRORS.

THINGS THAT CRAWL WITHOUT THE INSPIRATION OF "RED GOODES."

The Centipede and Tarantula Friendly and Fatal—The Deadly Scorpion's Sting—A Devouring Army of Ants—The Vicious Vinegaroon—Tolosa Saliva a Poison.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PORT DAVIS, TEXAS, January 23.—There may be bushels of centipedes, tarantulas, scorpions, and the like in California, but we have them by the thousand loads here in Texas. The warm, sandy soil of the lone star state seems to be the natural home for these dangerous insects, and while few people are stung or bitten to death by them, they are decidedly ugly customers to have about, crawling into one's bed, hiding in the blankets, and making them all together. It is not pleasant to find the ugly creatures crawling up one's pantaloons, or seeking a closer acquaintance that is not at all desirable. The centipede is not as deadly as he is painted, but is decidedly dangerous. The poison is not quick working like that of a rattlesnake, and it takes time in by the appliance of the proper antidote, all evil effect can be safely and surely obviated.

A little daughter of the trainmaster at "Big Springs" Texas, was stung over the eye by a small centipede, but a free and liberal application of ammonia cured her, although an ugly purple mark is left to tell how narrowly she escaped a worse fate. The stinging power of the centipede lies in his head claws, which are a mere modification of one pair of legs. The joints are about twenty, and the first and last of these point outward. The first legs or fangs are perforated and those hold the venom, which is injected into a wound on the slightest provocation. In fact, the centipede naturally clings to anything he is crawling over and if the object shows the slightest movement, he grasps it and holds it until he is in consequence. It is remarkable to drop a full grown, active centipede, tarantula or scorpion into an ant colony.

He is pounced upon by the thousands of them in a twinkling, and so badly handled or stung is he in a few minutes that life is no longer worth living. The ants simply swarm over the centipede, tarantula, or scorpion, as the case may be, and not until he is in consequence.

"Topaz," said Bill, "this won't last long; the skunks are beginning to get now, we're too close to the camps. You ain't hurt bad, old man?" All the time keeping his eye and rifle on the move. I couldn't say much, first place I felt too weak, and next place, 200 pounds of solid Bill laying on top of me did not tend to encourage conversation.

"Ho-ho!" yelled Bill, at last; "there they go; the boys have got onto them and you bet I'll make it as hot as I can for the hindmost." And his Winchester seemed to be trying to make one bullet overtake the other.

When I came sufficiently to myself to realize, I found I'd been sick about two weeks and that day I was carefully taken out of bed, put in a wagon and taken into Benton. Bill walking the whole way. I wondered at the time where his horse was and was asked:

"Never mind," he said, "you mustn't talk. The doctor has ordered you to be sent east at once."

"But I have got no money, Bill," I said, with a sinking of the heart.

"Shut up, now," was his answer. "You've got plenty, everything is paid for, and you've got \$500."

"But how did I get it?"

"Shut up, won't you? Ain't I told you you've got it?" and Bill dropped to the rear.

Next day I was put on a Missouri river boat.

The jolting and traveling in the wagon had made me half dazed and quite stupid, and I was only conscious of my hand being gripped like a vice by a big, dim-looking shape and hearing a voice saying:

"Look after him well, cap, and I'll do as much for you some day."

The next thing I clearly remember was the finding myself in a nice comfortable bed in a Chicago hospital, very weak and a glass on the opposite wall told me very thin.

My nurse came to my bed followed by a stranger:

"Mr. Fellowes, a gentleman to see you—

"Glad to see you again, Mr. Fellowes. I'm agent for the boats you see and I run up and down between here and Boston. I brought you down and kind of kept an eye on you, as you were a friend of Bill's. Here's \$500 that he told me to give you or to leave for you some day."

"But where did he get it?"

"Don't know, perhaps he'll tell you himself—I'll have to leave here in about an hour. Good day."

I lay thinking—Bill's three horses and outfit were worth about \$800, he had nothing of my own—could it be that!—Well I'll—"

The following year I went west again, and tried to find him.

"What! didn't hear of Bill's luck?" said old Mose, the saloon-keeper. "Why, he just struck it rich, man. In a claim?" Not much, but he got one of the best summer houses in the state and your eyes on—and a party gal, too, and piles of money. How did he get an introduction? That wasn't no introduction about it, I tell you, and the old man's mighty shun about it. But she just cottoned to him and he cottoned to her, and they got married—that's all there's to it—east somewhere, I believe. Sarah?" Perhaps? Paris? I guess Bill's name is a gift in the ring. I saw him knock the "California Pet" speechless in one blow. And there were two fellows come up the river, as counted themselves slingers, 'cause they couldn't get anyone to fight them, just kind of piled on to Bill here one night.

But Bill was mighty quiet and got up to leave when he saw a good looking youth that had those two slugs was forty to see the way they went through doors and windows?

Yes, 'twere a pity, but that all comes of too much education, you know. I often thought Bill wasn't all there, missing fine opportunities like that and waisting his time reading at geographers and "Rithmatics. I told him so once, but he got one of the best summer houses in the state and your eyes on—and a party gal, too, and piles of money. How did he get an introduction? That wasn't no introduction about it, I tell you, and the old man's mighty shun about it. But she just cottoned to him and he cottoned to her, and they got married—that's all there's to it—east somewhere, I believe. Sarah?" Perhaps? Paris? I guess Bill's name is a gift in the ring. I saw him knock the "California Pet" speechless in one blow. And there were two fellows come up the river, as counted themselves slingers, 'cause they couldn't get anyone to fight them, just kind of piled on to Bill here one night.

In whatever position she is able to twist her mouth, the muscles remain, and the face is in a contorted shape until one of the members of her family place it in proper condition with their hands. Her chin drops, and it frequently becomes necessary to tie a bandage over her head to keep the lower jaw in its proper place. Mary is now under the care of Dr. Hites, who is applying plasters to her face and under this treatment she is improving, though very slowly. This is the first case of the kind that has been heard of by many of the prominent physicians in this city and their treatment is much on the order of an experiment. The physicians have been attending her since Tuesday.

IMPORTANT TO ATHLETES.

James Robinson, the athlete trainer at Princeton College, Princeton, N. J., says:

"I have found it imperative to have sure and simple remedies on hand in case of cuts, bruises, strains, sprains, colds, rheumatism, etc. Shortly after entering upon my profession, I discovered such a remedy in ALLOC'S POROUS PLASTERS. I tried Beauson's Capone and other plasters but found them too harsh and irritating.

Alloc's Porous Plasters give almost instantaneous relief, and their strengthening power is remarkable. In cases of weak back put two plasters on the small of the back and in a short time you will be capable of quite severe exercise. In "sprint" and "distance" races and jumping, the muscles or tendons in the legs and feet sometimes weaken. This can invariably be relieved by cutting the plaster in narrow strips, so as to give free motion, and applying on muscles affected."

To the Invalids.

Existence without health is not a pleasure, but a misery. Many who suffered today who would give all to be restored to health. Still there are not so-called lesser trouble. **Reticular diseases** are very common, and by many regarded as productive of pain only and does not do any further harm. **Piles** are dangerous from loss of blood and complication and other diseases. **Fistula** is loathsome, because uncleanly, and still further, because it is a symptom of **rectal ulcer**, which is deadly, for the reason it is so often not recognized, and, when known not producing much pain is nearly always neglected.

ATTENTION TO ATHLETES.

John C., or as he is familiarly known "Jack" Klein, a newspaper reporter, and whose name has figured in diplomatic dispatches, has changed between this government and Germany as the American who led the natives in the attack against the German marines with such disastrous results to the latter, is the well-known figure in news paper circles in this and nearly every other large city in this country.

He is a native of San Francisco, and is about four feet six inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has dark hair, blue eyes, and a decided *French accent*. He is fond of the rattle snake, it is curious to watch his method of dealing with these deadly reptiles. He builds a coral or cholla or cactus around, when he is asleep, and then irritates him till he slashes and thrashes about, till he is dead asleep. When he wakes up, he is ready to attack him. He is fond of the rattle snake, it is curious to watch his method of dealing with these deadly reptiles. He builds a coral or cholla or cactus around, when he is asleep, and then irritates him till he slashes and thrashes about, till he is dead asleep. When he wakes up, he is ready to attack him. He is fond of the rattle snake, it is curious to watch his method of dealing with these deadly reptiles. He builds a coral or cholla or cactus around, when he is asleep, and then irritates him till he slashes and thrashes about, till he is dead asleep. 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THE WILD WEST.

COLONEL BENTEEEN, THE INDIAN FIGHTER, TALKS.

DESPERATE FIGHTS WITH INDIANS.

Colonel Benteeen's Mental Combat with Black Kettle—His Part in the Little Bighorn Fight Described by Scout Herndon—Sittanti's Story of the Deluge—The Indians a Virtuous Race—The Battle of the Comanches at the Merri.

A tall man with genial, smooth-shaved florid face, firm mouth, strong chin, roman nose and high rounded forehead overhung with silvery white locks—this is Colonel F. W. Benteeen, of the United States army, a picturesque cavalier of the old school.

The Indian, as a fighter, as a savage and as an apt scholar at civilization, is graphically described by Colonel Benteeen, who is known as "the fighting man of the Seventh cavalry."

A Virginian by birth, with all the dash and chivalry of his native state, after a four years service in the war, and rising from the rank of Lieutenant to that of colonel, he resigned a majority to take a captaincy in another regiment engaged in the campaigns of the west, where his adventurous spirit carried him through desperate personal encounters in hand to hand fights with the Indians.

It was on such an occasion that he killed Black Kettle, junior, the son of an old chief of that name. It was after the cavalry had taken a village defended by 3,000 warriors.

"We took Black Kettle's village at the earliest dawn," said he. "Major Egan, being in command of a column of Colonel Barnitz's troop, moved up the river bottom and dismounted, while my squadron of H. and M. troops of the Seventh cavalry charged across the Wachite and into the village. We gathered fifty-five women and children prisoners, and seeing no Indians among the crowd and one flying across the prairie, one foot. I started after him alone on my horse. The youngster had two holsters in his belt and a pistol in his hand. I, of course, thought that he had another pistol in that holster, so I made my horse career alongside until I drew his six shots. With one shot he struck my horse just forward of my right knee, and the animal had gotten up and we surrounded the herd of about a thousand ponies and drove them up till I met my squadron. There were about 3,000 warriors there and we had only eleven troopers of the Seventh cavalry. Colonel Barnitz, who is now at the Kimball house, was wounded and lay there.

"The most desperate encounter I ever got into, was the battle of the Little Bighorn, where they came right up to our works and threw clouds of dirt and arrows with their hands. I charged down on them and drove them out of there and succeeded in getting water for the men."

"The most remarkable of which, Colonel Benteeen said, was with the Indians who had come up from the Custer massacre, four miles below, where nine thousand warriors had surrounded and annihilated seven hundred and twenty of the United States cavalry. George Herndon, a scout, thus graphically described the desperate fight of these black-thirsty Indians with Reno's command:

"They came on like a mad bull and swarmed up the bluff on all sides. After skirmishing with them Reno went back to his old position which was one of the highest on the bluff. It was now five o'clock and the fight lasted until it was too dark to shoot. As soon as it was dark Reno took the packs and saddlebags off and arranged them in a circle. He also dragged the dead horses and mules on the line and sheltered the men behind them. Some of the men dug rifle pits with their butts, and all slept on their arms."

A DESPERATE FIGHT.

"At the top of day the Indians opened a heavy fire and descended eight hundred feet until 10 o'clock. The Indians charged on position three or four times, coming up near enough to hit our men with stones, which they threw by hand. Captain Benteeen saw a large mass of Indians gathering on his front to charge, and ordered his men to charge on foot and scatter them. Benteeen led the charge and was shot by the Indians before they knew what they were about, and killed a great many. They were evidently much surprised at this offensive movement, and I think in desperate fighting Benteeen is one of the bravest men I ever saw in a fight. All the time he was going about through the bullet holes, encouraging soldiers to stand by their work and not let the Indians whip them.

"He went back among the horses and pack mules and drove out the men who were skulking there, compelling them to go into the line and do their duty. He never sheltered his own person once during the battle, and I do not see how he escaped being killed."

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

"About ten o'clock in the forenoon, as soon as Benteeen had his charge, the men began to clamor for water. Many of them had not tasted a drop for thirty-six hours and the fighting and hot sun parched their throats. Some had their tongues swollen and others had blisters. They tried to eat crackers and hard tack but could not raise enough saliva to moisten them. Several died of thirst, but it stuck to their lips, and not one could spit or speak plainly. The wounded were reported dying for want of water and a good many soldiers volunteered to go to the river to get some or perish in the attempt. We were fighting on the bluffs about seven hundred feet from the river, and the water ran down from the battle field close to the water's edge. The men had to run over an open space about one hundred yards to get into the head of the ravine, and his open space was commanded by the Indians on the bluffs."

"The soldiers, about fifty strong, dashed over the plateau and entered the ravine. They dashed down at the moment it was found it closely guarded by a party of Indians in the timber across the river. The water could be approached to within about thirty feet under cover; but then they had to skip out on the river bank and take the Indians fire. Then the gauntlet bravely; some would dash down and take shelter in the head of the ravine behind the rocks where canes were filled and carried up the hill. Before all the men and wounded were supplied one man was killed and six or seven wounded. That evening the fight ended and General Terry came up with a large body of troops the next day."

Speaking of the Custer massacre, Colonel Benteeen, who was the first man to go over the fatal field, said:

THE CUSTER MASSACRE.

"Custer had made a detour to the right and the Indians had ambushed him four miles and 100 yards below the river, had his fight, on the same side of the river. He had been annihilated before we knew anything about it. We didn't know of it for three days. It was a fight between 720 United States cavalry and 9,000 Indian warriors. No one knew anything of the fight but the Indians, for there was one else there who came away alive. The Indians did not know it was Custer until afterwards."

"I could tell, however, that the Indians had fired lying down behind tufts of grass. There were only three Indian ponies killed on the field and we found seventy of Custer's horses lying there. That showed that the Indians fired from concealment."

HOW'S YOUR LIVER?

"The Indian salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy liver.

When the Liver is Torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constipated, and the Food lies in the Stomach decomposing—poisoning the Blood.

Frequent headache ensues, and a feeling of lassitude and despondency indicate how the whole system is deranged. No agency on earth has restored as many people to health and happiness by giving a healthy liver as



"As a general family remedy for Dyspepsia, Topical Liver, Constipation, etc., I always use Simmons Liver Regulator and have never been disappointed in its effects. It seems to be a perfect cure for all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels." —W. J. McELROY, Macon, Ga.

NOTICE.

Will be sold at the station house at 12 o'clock M. on Monday, Feb. 4, 1889, unless sooner claimed by owner, one white and red steer and one full red cow, now in pound.

A. B. CONNELL,
Chief Police.

PROPRIETARY MEDICINES.

It Makes You Hungry

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It invigorates the system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and facilitates digestion." —J. T. CORLAND, PRIMUS, S.C.

Paine's Celery Compound

"A unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effects. It removes those ruggish habits which are so prevalent. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it. \$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists."

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

DIAMOND DYES Color anything any color. Never Fail! Always Sure! LACTATED FOOD The Physician's favorite.

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT for the six months ending December 31, 1888, of the condition of the

Travelers' Insurance Company,

Organized under the laws of the State of Connecticut, made to the Governor of the State of Georgia, in pursuance of the laws of said State. Principal office, 56 Prospect St., Hartford, Conn.

CAPITAL STOCK.

1. Amount of Capital Stock.....\$600,000.00
2. Amount of Capital Stock Paid up in Cash.....\$60,000.00
3. Amount in Notes of the Stockholders.....\$0.00

INVESTED ASSETS.

1. Cost Value of Real Estate in Cash, exclusive of all Incumbrances, as per annual report filed in office of Insurance Commissioner, brought down to December 31st, 1888, \$1,551,479.84

2. Loans on Bond and Mortgage (first lien) on Real Estate, as per Schedule B, appended to annual report filed in office of Insurance Commissioner, brought down to December 31st, 1888, 3,425,476.50

3. Loans secured by Bonds, Stocks, Securities or other marketable collaterals, as per Schedule A, appended to annual report filed in office of Insurance Commissioner, brought down to December 31st, 1888, 239,415.00

4. Loans made in cash to policy holders on this Company's Policies assigned to us, as on December 31st, 1888, 164,255.00

5. Cost Value of Bonds and Stocks owned absolutely, as per Schedule C, appended to annual report filed in office of Insurance Commissioner, brought down to December 31st, 1888, 4,975,541.22

6. Cash Deposited in Banks.....\$1,553.85

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

City Bank, Hartford.....\$100,005.45
First National Bank, Hartford.....107,474.87
Hartford Trust Company, Hartford.....107,474.82
Farmers and Mechanics Bank, Hartford.....50,200.08
National Exchange Bank, Hartford.....50,675.82
Bank of America, Morris, Mass.....10.00.00
Moore & Schlesinger, New York.....20.00.00
Importers and Traders, New York.....79,774.98
Kansas Farm Mortgage Co., Abilene, Kas.....8,500.00 \$647,833.33

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Fourth National Bank, New York.....\$32,617.65
City Bank, Hartford.....84,314.42 116,932.07

TOTAL.

Total.....\$764,763.42

BILLS RECEIVABLE.

10. Agents' Balances.....\$451,973.13

TOTAL NET OR INVESTED ASSETS.

13. Deduct depreciation from cost of Assets to bring same to market value.

Schedule A.....\$613,163.97

Schedule E.....\$436,934.92 1,050,058.79

TOTAL NET OR INVESTED ASSETS, less Depreciation.

OTHER ASSETS.

15. Interest, but not due, on Bonds and Mortgages.....\$2,330.46

16. Gross Declared Premiums on Policies in force December 31, 1888.....153,110.55

TOTAL.

23. Deduct twenty per cent for average loading on above Gross Amount.....\$265,197.07

24. Net amount Uncollected and Deferred Premiums.....\$1,823.65

TOTAL ASSETS.

25. Total Assets (less items not admitted).....\$1,112,784.69

ITEMS NOT ADMITTED.

5. Agent's Balances.....\$451,973.13

7. Bills Receivable.....\$278,029.64

TOTAL.

Total Assets (less items not admitted).....\$10,382,781.92

ILLIABILITIES.

Reserve for Accident Policies.....\$736,416.51

Reserve for Indemnity Policies of Life Policies.....5,000.00

Net Premiums on all the outstanding Policies, as of December 31, 1888, computed according to the Actuarial Table of Mortality, with four per cent interest.....7,434,826.00

NET PREMIUM RESERVE.

4. Death Losses and Mutual Endowments in process of adjustment, or adjusted and not due.....\$5,329.00

5. Death Losses and other Policy Claims resisted by the Company.....70,500.00

TOTAL POLICY CLAIMS.

12. Salaries, Rents and Office Expenses.....15,829.20

16. Liabilities on Policy-holders' Account.....\$8,341,571.51

17. Gross Surplus on Policy-holders' Account.....2,041,210.41

TOTAL LIABILITIES.

18. Total Liabilities—Policy-holder's Account.....\$10,382,781.92

IV. INCOME DURING THE SECOND SIX MONTHS OF THE YEAR 1888.

1. Net Premiums (including notes) without deduction for commissions or other expenses.....\$96,808.24

2. Received Premiums (including notes) without deduction for commissions or other expenses.....501,084.89

3. For Annuities.....\$1,100.00

4. Accident Policies.....1,079,964.14

TOTAL.

5. Deduct amount of Premiums paid to other Companies for Re-insurance on Policies, less \$—dividends thereon.....\$1,685,957.27

6. Total Premium Income.....\$1,680,058.30

7. Interest on Mortgage Loans.....139,548.66

8. Interest on Bonds Owed and Dividends on Stock.....115,801.03

9. Interest on Premium Notes, Loans or Liens; Rents for use of Company's property.....16,472.12

10. Interest on other debts due the Company.....15,031.80

11. Other items, viz.: Profit on Stock Sold.....24,475.00

12. Total Income.....\$1,991,998.91

V. DISBURSEMENTS DURING THE SECOND SIX MONTHS OF THE YEAR 1888.

1. Losses and Additions.....\$773,099.62

2. Matured Endowments and Additions.....\$22,481.00

TOTAL.

3. Total amount actually paid for Losses and Matured Endowments.....\$795,580.62

4. Annuites.....400.00

5. Surrendered Policies.....43,829.53

6. Total paid to Policy-holders in Dividends.....\$8,814.85

7. Commissions to Agents.....58,844.98

8. Salaries and Traveling Expenses of Managers of Agencies and General Special Agents.....5,144.46

9. Medical Expenses for Patients.....78,394.42

10. All other Items, viz.: Advertising, \$4,640.60; Furniture, \$1,471.70; Blankets, \$12,400.00; Express, \$1,000.00; Loss, \$1,000.00; Postage, \$14,815.80; Rent, \$4,632.25; Profit and Loss, \$154,953.40. Total.....269,102.99

11. Total Disbursements.....\$1,653,734.20

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

SKIN, SCALP AND BLOOD

Diseases Cured by Cuticura Remedies when Hot Springs, Doctors and all other Medicines fail.

Having been a sufferer for two years and a half from a disease caused by a bruise on the leg, and having been cured by the Cuticura Remedies when other methods had previously failed. I can tell my story to you. I have been to the Hot Springs several times, and at least several doctors without success, and at last our principal druggist, Mr. John P. Finlay, to whom I am ever grateful, spoke to me about Cuticura and recommended it to give them a trial with the result that I am perfectly cured. There is now no more about me. I think I can show the largest surface where my sufferings spring from one in the Cuticura Remedies. The treatment is the best and skin cure is quick. I refer to druggist John P. Finlay and Dr. D. C. Montgomery, both of this place, and to Dr. Smith of Lake Lee, Miss.

ALEXANDER BEACH,
Mr. Beach used the Cuticura Remedies, at our request, with results as above stated.

A. B. FINLAY & CO., Druggists.

SCROFULA 7 YEARS CURED.

I have been troubled with scrofula seven years, which first started on the top of my head, giving me infinite trouble, with constant itching, casting off dry scales, and a watery liquid exuded from under the scales, and treated it for several years unsuccessfully, and was about to give up hope until I found your Cuticura Remedies. One box Cuticura, one cake Cuticura soap, and one bottle Cuticura Resolvent completely cured me, my skin becoming perfectly clear and smooth. J. J. DALE,

Atascadero, Los Angeles Co., Cal.

SKIN DISEASE 5 YEARS CURED.

Your Cuticura Remedies did wonderful things for me. They cured my skin disease, which has been of five years standing, after hundreds of dollars and many physicians, and was about to give up hope. Nothing has ever done so good until I commenced the use of the Cuticura Remedies. Our house will never be without them.

Mrs. ROSA KELLY,
Rockwell City, Calumet Co., La.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50¢; Soap, 25¢; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA., U.S.A.

Send for "The Cuticura Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 60 illustrations and 160 testimonials.

"Pimples, blackheads, red, rough, chapped and scaly skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP."

NO RHEUMATISM ABOUT ME

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves Rheumatic, Scoliotic, sudden sharp and nervous pains, Strains and Weaknesses. The first and only pain-relieving Plaster—25 cents.

sun wed top col n m wky



Our little girl, when but three weeks old, broke over a cactus. We tried the common remedies, with no good effect. We then turned to Cuticura Remedies. We applied S. S. and by the time one bottle was gone, her hair began to heal, and by the time she had taken six bottles she was completely cured. Now she has a full and healthy head of hair. My only child is well and I have no desire to make this statement.

T. H. SHORE, Rich Hill, Mo.

Send for our books on Blood and Skin Diseases and Advice to Sufferers, mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

M. L. LICHTENSTADT, M. D.

Specialist in all diseases of the Rectum, successfully treated 1000 cases. Blisters or Prickling, or Irritation, and every kind of Ulcer, Fissure, fistula in Anus and Anal Tumors, without the knife or any other torturing implements, and guarantees every case he accepts for treatment.

No Pains or Detention From Business.

Regular treatment for piles required close supervision of the patient, the doctor remaining down the timbers with hooks, when either the knife, ligature, clamp, cauter, iron, screw enema or dangerous caustics are used to remove them, the operation lasting an hour or more. Fox-tail plasters are then administered to keep the patient to remain in bed for two weeks, with danger from secondary humor, ease, liability to ulceration, strictures and fistula, much suffering during a protracted recovery.

Now Notice the Contrast.

This new and painless system of treating disease the rectum not only does away with all the "Torturing Relics of By-gone Ages" now employed by regular physicians, but insure correct diagnosis, and offers to suffering humanity a truly painless method, more safe and certain than the old and barbarous practices without any detention from ordinary occupations.

Persons from Dental Diseases are requested to consult my address.

M. L. LICHTENSTADT, M. D.
Room No. 9, Centennial Building
Specialist in Rectal Diseases by the Brinkerhoff
Mem.

P. S.—Correspondence solicited.

Sp

W. Adair--Real Estate

For sale, a 7 room 2-story brick residence, room, closets, pantries, water, gas and electric, all complete. Every room beautiful. High ceiling, roomy hall, large front room. A gem—South Prior street, one of the prettiest streets in town. Just the place for a man who wants a central home of first-class standards.

The most complete thoroughly finished 2-story residence fronting on Peachtree street, in county. A perfect model of architectural con-

struction, of every conceivable comfort, and in a large lot, 100x250, with grove, residence recently constructed, water, gas and sewerage, etc. Price, \$10,000. Every room is lighted, airy, comfortable, and a shady gem. Every

possible appointment for a gentleman's home.

11 miles, wagons, farming implements, and many cows, built, regaled. Will close out entire lot at a great bargain. Determined to sell it.

so vacant lots in every part of the city, beautiful lots of Smith street, paved street and walk.

not ready at any time to conduct auction sales administrators, executors, guardians or private

G. W. ADAIR,
5 Kimball House, Wall street.

ceiver's Sale

UNDESGNED, UNDER AN ORDER

the superintendents of Fulton county, offers

an equal and attractive stock of Sewing

machines for the entire stock, fix-

ed machinery, including gas engine, sewing

and other machinery used in the busi-

ness, and we want to raise the best bargain of the

kind your bids at once.

ISAAC H. HAAS,
Receiver of Sewing & Co.

Conducted by the greatest

factory on either Hemisphere. Factory

at New York, and Agents for the U.S.

ITALY, Chicago, Sole Agts. for the U.S.

PROTOPLASTIC ANCESTORS

A FRENCH SCIENTIST SAYS THE
WERE 128 FEET HIGH.

A Book That is Creating a Sensation in France—Bill Arp Thinks There Must Be Some Mistake.

The world is still perplexed about Adam and Eve. Darwin hasn't settled it, nor Dr. Woodrow. Mark Twain thought he found the grave of our illustrious ancestor, but according to late discoveries he shed his tears on the wrong tomb. The book of a learned Frenchman has come to the front and created a sensation in France. He says that Father Adam was 128 feet high; and Mother Eve only five feet lower, and that ever since they evolved into existence the human race has been on the down grade, getting shorter and shorter, and smaller and smaller, as the centuries roll on. Well, it does look reasonable that folks 900 years old should be 900 feet high, but they were not. The largest men are not the longest living, and that is because they do not live as long as the medium size. Among animals, we know that a goose that is not of much consequence, lives five times as long as a horse, and a turtle lives longer than a whale. I wish we did know more about our first parents. I wish that Moses had told us more. He gave us thirteen chapters about Adam and Eve, and all of them are about the creation. I was talking to a scientific gentleman about this, and he said he supposed that Moses told all he knew, and that he could not have known very much about what happened before the flood for there were no books or writings, and all that he knew was by uncertain traditions that came along down the centuries and gathered some and lost some on the way. He said that he had heard that probably that the people who lived before the flood were of very large stature, for Moses said there were giants in those days.

Well, it is astounding how men of science ignore the Bible—not all of them, but most of them. They do admit that there was a flood, and Noah, and Adam and Eve, and Noah and they got that from the Bible. They do not consider that the flood was even though Moses wrote it. They do not believe in miracles although the movement of the hand or the growth of a flower is a miracle. Here is this new theory that Mother Eve was 128 feet high and larger than Adam, and that the old preachers like Henry Gray told about in his speech at the banquet for his mate Eve only 39 cubits high and lined inside and out with pitch.

I asked my scientific friend if he didn't think that such a great height was very inconvenient to Adam about tending his sheep and walking through the forests, and he said he did. "Well, the world is taller and taller in proportion, something like the railroads in the Yonah valley that are 300 feet and 150 feet to the first limb." How about the animals, said I—the horses and cows. How would Adam manage to ride one of our Jersey cows?" He smiled and said "Well, the animals were created to be of convenience to man." "Elephants and camels and giraffes too" said he—"and boa constrictors and rattlesnakes" said I. "Yes," said he—but I thought he was weakening a little. How about that ark, said I, "that was only 30 cubits high and had three stories of ten feet each, how did those huge creatures get into there?" "Oh, I suppose," said he, "that these cubits were very different from our cubits."

He reminded me of the fellow who came back from his travels in the unexplored west, and said among other marvelous things that he got on the borders of a valley where everything was petrified—turned to stone—and he did not dare to venture far to see what was there. He saw stones, houses, and jungles, and goats and serpents and panthers and bears—in fact everything was petrified; even to the trees and grass, and he saw a hunter who had strayed in there unawares, and he was standing stock still with his gun pointed to an angle in the air and the hunter and his gun and the eagle were all petrified—just as they stood.

"Oh, pshaw, Jim, that won't do," said one of the old gentlemen. "Don't you know that gravity would have pulled that eagle down?"

"Gravity, the d—ns," said he, "why gravity was petrified harder than anything. I saw a streak of it hanging down from the eagle to the ground." And our Frenchman says that every generation fell off a few feet, and so we must suppose that as Adam lived in see Lance, of the ninth generation, it was like Gulliver in his travels, when Adam wanted to talk to Lance and tell him about the Garden of Eden and the apple-tree and about Cain and Abel he didn't stop down but just sat up in his chair and told Lance all about it. How seated Lance must have been for fear he would fall into that great mouth that was five feet wide, or into that ear that looked like a cave with boogers in it. And just to think what a time they had in burying the old gentleman when he died; what a long, wide, deep grave and what a coffin, for when he was lying down. Think of the levers and prises and the great derrick they built to swing him down into the grave. I wonder if the Frenchman has found some of his bones or his teeth. Mark Twain was not looking for a grave like that and so wasted his tears.

Now, it does look like Moses would have mentioned it if Adam had been such a giant. He was a giant, and he lived 930 years, and after the flood to 120 years, and is very particular about the size of the ark. Josephus says the Lord taught Adam language and letters and figures and science and Moses says that Jubal made harps and organs and Tubal Cain was an instructor in working brass and iron. Noah could not have built the ark if he had not been a great mechanician and had plenty of time to work with.

But to come down to facts—what was the trouble about Moses receiving the truth of history even though he was not inspired. For certainly Adam told it straight to Lance, who was Noah's father, and so Noah got it straight and he lived to see Abraham, who was the fourth generation father down and told everything to him. This covered twenty generations and composed 200 years of life and history and all the facts passed through only two persons—Lamech and Noah—well Levi was Abraham's great grandson and he was Moses's great grandfather.

I think that it must have come down pretty straight.

Now, if these scientists were all like Dr. Woodward, and would study the scriptures with a reasonable faith, then science would begin to come the handmaiden of inspiration, and let us hope that the world will be a better place to live in when they do.

You young men, you have got to be led by the faith of others. As sustained them, and made them good men and good women. They lived by it, and died by it. It does not matter so much how high Adam was, nor whether he evoked or not, do you take the Bible and study it; try to live by its precepts and you will be happy. Go to church every Sabbath and listen to the ministry and reverence to some good preachers.

The church and the preachers are the hope of the world. There was a time when there was but one preacher, and the earth was filled with violence, and the flood came and destroyed everything but him and his family. And just so the world will be filled with violence now if it were not for the church and the preachers. Top righteous men would have saved Sodom, and it is the preachers who save us now.

I was thinking about our preacher and what a family record he had. Nearly 200 years ago his ancestors came over the waters and settled in Ireland with Cotton Mather. He died in his son's home in Boston, and from that day to this there has hardly been a time when some descendant of the first James Hillhouse has not been standing up before the Lord in the Lord's house. And now here is James Hillhouse preaching in our church. He is the son and the grand son of preachers who came from the same old country. He has not got a name yet, and he will be a preacher, too. I have no doubt about that, for it runs in the stock. I like that—everybody likes it. I like the Caldwells and the Waddells and the Battles and the Bakers, because wherever I go, from North to South to Texas, I find them teaching or preaching. They are holding the fort and doing good in their day and generation.

We, have gotten our organ. The

Estey Organ company took us up so quick that I was almost sorry we offered fifty dollars for a hundred dollar organ. Maybe they would have given it to us. I left like the Dutchman who asked for eight days to pay his bill.

When the man paid it without jiving, he didn't ask him ten. But they gave us a hundred and thirty dollar organ, and it makes splendid music, and our choir happy, and everybody is calm and serene. Long live the Estey company to gladden the world with harmony.

BILL ARP.

WHEN THE KILLDEES COME.

When the north winds sigh through the silvery pines,
And the last bee ceases to hum;
When the sickly sun half obscurely shines
Through the clouds that gray horizon lines,
It is then that the killdees come.

Summer's life and light will not deplore;

Vernal birds are joyousome;

But a foodie tide of the night from an unknown shore;

Come this back, with a breath of the winter, return,

Once again, when the killdees come.

CHARLES J. BAYNE.

True greatness consists in conferring the greatest blessing upon the human race, and smoking Grand Republic Cigars and Buffets Sold by all Druggists.

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It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.

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BRIGHTEST GOSSIP
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VOL. XXI.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1889.

20 PAGES.
9 to 20.

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DRESS GOODS,
FLANNELS!
BLANKETS,
UNDERWEAR

Can be carried away for a mere atom of money.

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are in a strait because of imperative necessity to remodel their building.

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The LAST WEEK OF KEELY COMPANY'S Great Unloading Sale!

PEREMPTORY DEMANDS OF BUILDERS COMPEL US TO REDUCE STOCK

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HEARTLESS!

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We dislike to quote you the figures because the prices are painful to us.

Comforts formerly \$1.00—

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UNDERWEAR!

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Choice of more than 800 pieces, Monday, 10c, worth 20c; 362 pieces 15c, worth 25c; 186 pieces assorted Hamburgs, 2½ to 6 inches wide, 25c, worth 50c.

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THE FARMER'S Condition and Out- Look Discussed.

THE ALLIANCE ON THE SITUATION.

A View of Ohio Farming With Sug- gestions as to Georgia.

THE "LAST EAR OF CORN" IN VERSE.

The striking feature of our farmers' page this morning is an admirable poem, by a well known Georgia lady, in reply to Mr. W. F. Dumas's poem on the "Last Ear of Corn."

The second letter of Mr. John P. Fort is printed—a letter from Ohio on the methods of our friends up there, and some letters direct from county alliances. The trouble in the Georgia State Alliance is discussed also where in *THE CONSTITUTION*, but its effect may be felt by those whose condition is discussed in the following:

HOW IT STRIKES A LOOKER-ON.

I read with much interest the agricultural literature with which you have regaled your readers in numerous issues of *THE CONSTITUTION*. So far as it relates to the "all-cotton growers" in Georgia there can be but one conclusion. That the southern states have virtually a monopoly in the growth of cotton—that the producers of that staple are making shirts for nearly all the world, and come up to surplus one to their own backs and perhaps not a legal title to the single one they wear. The discussion you have elicited reveals thus one principal fact, and that is no escape from It.

It is related of General Prentiss, of the federal army, while at the crushed in Atlanta, passing on to Richmond as a prisoner of war, had his personal effects sent to him. To show his contempt of our government and his opinion of its stability, he handed the bill to a ragged confederate soldier with the remark: "Here, now buy yourself a shirt with this, and do it—quick, or the thing will go bad."

I was four years in the confederate army and hold in my heart only deep reverence for what we did in that dark history, and speak not flippantly of it now, but there is a startling similarity in the value of our all cotton man's products and confederate money.

THE SHRINKAGE IN VALUES.

EDITORS CONSTITUTION: As a farmer, I have been deeply interested in the discussion of your questions relating to the condition of the farmers of the country. I think most of the writers have hit the nail on the head, but some have missed the mark. One thing seems to be settled, that where a farmer follows his own supplies and manages his farm on business principles, he is prospering reasonably well, while where this is not the case, he is losing ground and getting poorer. It is amusing, to say the least, that intelligent men would lay all the blame of this on the "tariff." While the tariff may have some effect, I think it is clear that the hundreds of dollars annually spent on tobacco, and corn (the latter which should be raised at home) is the principle cause. This is the tariff that is grinding down the southern farmer and keeping him poor, besides which the tariff that he pays on his woolen goods and other things, is but a drop in the bucket.

But to my mind there is another cause appearing against the farmer, and helping to keep him down, which your correspondents appear to have overlooked, and that is the great shrinkage in values. Cotton is fifty per cent lower now than ten years ago, and yet the farmer has to pay about the same for labor that he did then. Of course, it is materially less expensive to produce, and corn (the latter which is the most expensive crop he can raise) he will do well if he comes out even at the end of the year. And then if he has gone in debt for land, or anything else, when at a high price, he has a millstone around his neck, which will be hard to get clear of. And unfortunately a majority of farmers just fit the definition. Now, what are they to do? They cannot sell their land or property except at a ruinous sacrifice, if at all, and money appears to be getting scarcer every year. Is there no relief? I believe if congress would take the restriction off the coinage of silver, and the unjust restrictions off state and national banks, more would be had plentiful, prices would drop on the counter. Your correspondent, who "went in the same hole he came out of," says that this would do no good, but I think he is mistaken. Of course salaried men, capitalists and landowners opposed to this and to raise the cry of "cheap money." It is to their interest to keep people poor, and to keep the market low. If cotton was five cents per pound and other things in proportion, it would be all the better for them; they would draw their salary and clip their coupons just the same, and their expenses would be that much lower. They don't realize, or don't care, that "what is fun to them is death to us." The world increases our population and trade demands are elastic and increasing currency, and the farmers, and those depending on their prosperity, are the only ones to suffer from a shortage.

But will congress grant this relief? I have no idea that the present congress will, but if the farmers all over this broad land will organize, and stand together, and make themselves heard, and speak to each other, and go to congress or to the legislature hostile to their interests (let the chips fall where they may) it will be done. So mote it be.

Pineville, N. C.
R. H. HARRIS.

TWO LETTERS FROM ALLIANCES.

From Hart County.

EDITORS CONSTITUTION: Gentlemen, I cannot give you facts and figures exact about our condition as farmers just now, but will offer you a sketch of the past and present gathered from experience and observation. I remember well when our farmers had corn in their cribs, wheat in their bins, meat in their smokehouses, horses and cattle, all raised at home. The ex and ass knew where their master's crib was then; there are very few of them in the counties now. What have they to do? They cannot sell their land or property except at a ruinous sacrifice, if at all, and money appears to be getting scarcer every year. Is there no relief? I believe if congress would take the restriction off the coinage of silver, and the unjust restrictions off state and national banks, more would be had plentiful, prices would drop on the counter.

In the spring of 1868 cotton again went up, but the farmer having sold his crop, received no benefit. The price continued to fluctuate during the year, gradually becoming lower, until it seems to have settled permanently somewhat below ten cents per pound. It was impossible to foresee these reactions in the value of this great product, and expenses increased looking toward the end of the season, when it was provided for in future, it entailed indebtment, and this required an additional area in cotton to the forced neglect of other important crops for the purpose of paying debts. I doubt if there is any class of citizens in any country who have suffered more than the Georgia farmers. They were compelled to break their backs to earn a living, and the profits arising therefrom are as small as possible.

It is impossible to answer the question often asked: What is the cost of growing a pound of cotton? It may be said that the seasons have more to do in determining this question than any one thing.

Some time ago, in the condition of an ordinary farm in Georgia, where the land is good average and the seasons ordinary and cotton looked to as the sole money crop and when labor and other expenses are fairly paid, it requires care and economy to produce a balance sheet with a credit upon it.

They were compelled to be self-supporting and cotton looked to as the only money crop, the profits of growing cotton on the present price and that which it has borne for the last few years, are not large.

I think the same may be said of corn, wheat and other agricultural food products, that when produced for sale in our markets, that the profits arising therefrom are as small as possible.

The rules made by the committees of the cotton and produce exchanges of the great money centers are all so framed that the burden is borne by the product of the factors. For instance, if a bale of cotton has two pounds of cotton in it the rule of the cotton exchange is that it must be sold and must be sold by the bad sample. This is manifestly unfair. If the bale is less than 300 pounds a deduction is made of nearly 10 per cent of its value. So with the rule requiring it to be sold at a certain kind of bidding.

So the rules are of every other product from the hands of the farmer are made so as to have the product bear its undue proportion of burdens, thus further reducing its value.

These rules and requirements made by committees of boards of trade and followed in all the smaller markets, never allowing for that which is fair, save in the case of the cotton exchange, which will impair our faith or impede our course. Those who have oppressed us in the past are beginning to realize the magnitude of our power, and the fear of retribution is making them quake in their boots. We know we are powerful, and yet we are in our infancy. We will get to be a full grown after a while, and then swing into thieving hosts and vigilante bands; no honorable man of any trade of calling need be afraid of the Alliance; it is our purpose to work for all we get, pay all we owe, be united in all things, and charitable to all people. Anybody that would require more of us than that or would try to break us down is a fool or a knave.

There is one thing I want to say, there have been laws enacted, directly in favor of, or for the especial benefit of the farmer in preference to all other classes.

We want the guano inspection tax abolished, for it is nothing but a public swindle. I don't suppose the inspector ever saw a sack of guano that came to Hart County in his life. He is sent to inspect in in the factories in Baltimore, Charleston and other places, and the inspection tags are sent down here from Atlanta and we help the agents put them on, sometimes they give us a handful to put on a load we have carried home and we just throw the tags down in the street.

We want a dog law passed so that we can catch thousands of suck-egg hounds and sheep-killing curs in this country, or make them help to pay for schooling of their masters' ignorant children. We want the State road rented or leased to the highest bidder next time, and all the proceeds to go into the public school fund. We want every man who works at a fair profit to pay one dollar tax for the school fund. We want the real estate and the convicts to work the public roads. I would vote for the Blair educational bill now, and take all the money I could get for educating the poor class. I wouldn't build any more colleges or universities with school money, because it is taking from the poor and giving to the rich. Any young man or girl can learn more in our high schools than they will ever have for use. It takes more than theory to make a living in Hart county, especially if you buy guano and provisions on a credit. I think when the Farmers' Alliance gets out of debt, they will knock Georgia's notoriety of the dunce stool, and raise her standard of education to its place—the top. "So mote it be."

JOHN SCOTT, Secretary H. C. A.

From Walker County.

EDITORS CONSTITUTION:—Your letter received and read by me as a citizen of our county alliance, I was authorized to reply. The condition of the average Walker county farmer we believe, will compare favorably with any in Georgia or the south, and for these reasons our farms generally are small, productive and are cultivated with comparatively little hired labor, work being mostly done by the owner and members of the family. We raise all, or nearly so, of what we eat, raise some good stock of all kinds, plant a smaller acreage in cotton than is done in the right direction, and have a good supply of vegetables.

These mixtures were purchased and used by the farmer with a hope of bettering his condition in the improvement of his crops.

It was impossible for him to calculate definitely as to the value of these substances. They generally had some stimulating effect upon the growth of plants, but if the person from whom it was purchased, to a want of rain, improper use, bad cultivation, etc.

Other brands of fertilizer said to contain some peculiar and wonderful ingredient were recommended, and again the hard earned product of the farmer was turned from the use of himself and family into the pocket of a manufacturer who was making and selling a collection of goods without any practical knowledge of their utility in the country in which he sold them.

Immense amounts of rich fertilizers were sold during several years in Georgia, many of them of no practical value—some of them shameless impositions.

These substances were sold during the era of what I write at the price of \$900 to \$200 per ton, the good ordinary and bad all alike. The ingredients used in them were kept profound secrets and they were supposed to be made by some patent process known only to the manufacturers themselves. The agent who sold them generally had sample bottles for them to show, showing a volatile nature, the very poorest test of any fertilizer. The stronger this seemed the more the mixture was recommended.

I deem it necessary to illustrate this matter beyond assertion, however well I know the truth of that which I write.

During the several years in which this injurious article, destructive to the agricultural interests, was given out through the channels of commerce, I was approached by an agent of a fertilizer company who wished me to purchase some of the fertilizers that he represented. There was a brand that he called the "Stone-wall," that assured me was manufactured in England and possessed many wondrous virtues for the production of cotton. The recommendations attending the use of the fertilizer were very dear to me. I purchased a ton of the material for which I paid \$72 cash. It was only forwarded to me from Savannah in barrels, and appeared to be a reddish substance similar to fine burn clay and, I think was, as burned clay is considered a fertilizer to some of the English and Welsh. Unfortunately, it had no effect whatever upon the soil upon which I used it. In equity and good conscience the persons who sold me that fertilizer and received the money for it owe it to me now with interest. I do not expect them to repay it. Admitting the inferiority of the fertilizer, who is to blame? The stronger this seemed the more the mixture was recommended.

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THE FARMER'S Condition and Out- Look Discussed.

THE ALLIANCE ON THE SITUATION.

A View of Ohio Farming With Sug- gestions as to Georgia.

THE "LAST EAT OF CORN" IN VERSE.

The striking feature of our farmers' page this morning is an admirable poem, by a well known Georgia lady, in reply to Mr. W. F. Dumas's poem on the "Last Ear of Corn."

The second letter of Mr. John P. Fort is printed—a letter from Ohio on the methods of our friends up there, and some letters direct from county alliances. The trouble in the Georgia State Alliance is discussed elsewhere in *THE CONSTITUTION*, but its effect may be felt by those whose condition is discussed in the following:

HOW IT STRIKES A LOOKER-ON.

I read with much interest the agricultural literature with which you have regaled your readers in numerous issues of *THE CONSTITUTION*. So far as it relates to the "all-cotton growers" in Georgia there can be but one conclusion. That the southern states have virtually a monopoly in the growth of cotton; that the producers of that staple are making shirts for nearly all the world, and have not a surplus one to their own backs and perhaps not a legal title to the single one they wear. The discussion you have elicited reveals thus this principal fact, and there is no escape from it.

It is related of General Prentiss, of the federal army, while at the cashiered in Atlanta, passing on to Richmond as a prisoner of war, had in his possession a \$50 Confederate bill. To show his opinion of the government and his opinion of its stability he handed the bill to a ragged confederate soldier with the remark: "Here, now buy yourself a shirt with this, and do it d—quick, or the thing will be no good."

I was four years in the confederate army and hold in my heart only deep reverence for whatever attaches to that sacred cause. I speak not dispassionately of it now, but there is a startling similarity in the value of our all cotton man's products and confederate money.

THE SHRINKAGE IN VALUES.

EDITORS CONSTITUTION: As a farmer, I have been deeply interested in the discussion of your questions relating to the condition of the farmers of the country. I think most of the writers have hit the nail on the head, but some have missed the mark. One thing seems to be settled, that where a farmer raises his own supplies and manages his farm on business principles he is prospering reasonably well, and where he does not, in case he is losing ground and getting poorer every day, to say the least, that intelligent men would lay all the blame of this on the "tariff." While the tariff may have some effect, I think it is clear that the hundreds of dollars annually spent for mules, bacon, flour and corn (all of which should be raised at home) is the principle cause. This is the tariff that is grinding down the poor farmer and keeping him poor, besides which the tariff that he pays on his woolen goods and other things, is but a drop in the bucket.

But to my mind there is another cause appearing against the farmer, and that is helping to keep him down, which your correspondents appear to have overlooked, and that is the great number of cotton oil companies, who are lower now than ten years ago, and yet the farmer has to pay about the same for labor that he did then. Of course this will materially lessen his profits, and if he plants mostly cotton, (the most expensive crop he can raise) he will do well if he comes out even at the end of the year. And then he has gone in debt for seed, and, when he comes out, when he has a million, and his next which will be hard to get clear of. And unfortunately, a majority of farmers are just in this condition. Now what are they to do? They cannot sell their land or property except at a ruinous sacrifice, if at all, and money appears to go down every year. Is there no way out? I believe if congress would remove the restriction off the coinage of silver, and the unjust restrictions off state and national banks, money would be more plentiful, prices would advance, and a new era of prosperity would dawn on the country. Your correspondent, who "went in the same hole he came out of," says that this would do just the reverse, but this is not so. The cotton oil companies and landowners opposed to this and raise the cry of "cheap money." It is to their interest to keep produce down to the lowest possible point. If cotton was five cents per pound and other things in proportion, it would be all the better for them; they would draw their salary and clip the wings of the farmer, and their expenses would be that much lower. They don't realize, or don't care, that "what is fun to them is death to us." The rapid increase of our population and trade demands an elastic and increasing currency, and the farmers, and those depending on their prosperity, are the only ones to suffer from it.

But will Congress grant this relief? I have no idea that the present congress will, but if the farmers all over our broad land will organize as they are now doing, and stand together, unyielding and inflexible, and vote to send no one to congress or to the legislature hostile to their interests (let the chips fall when they may) it will be done. So mote it be.

R. H. HARRIS.

TWO LETTERS FROM ALLIANCES.

From Hart County.

EDITORS CONSTITUTION: Gentlemen, I cannot give you facts and figures exact about our condition as farmers just now, but will offer you a sketch of the past and present gathered from experience and observation. I remember well when our farmers had corn in their cribs, wheat in their bins, meat in their smokehouses, horses and cattle all raised at home. The ox and ass knew where their master's crib was then; there are very few of them in Hart county that know where it is now. The farmer raised two or three little bales of cotton, took them to market, bought his iron, leather, sugar, coffee and molasses, and sometimes a jug of the "scrathur," and came home independent and happy. No friendless notes to pay; no mortgages to lift. The men and boys were hardy, strong, healthy, and home-made wool hats. The women and girls wore home-made shoes, homespun dresses, and sun bonnets. They were just as pretty and sweet then as now. The mother sat in the corner, smoked her pipe and joked with father, while the girls cooked and washed, and the boys played at cards, cut the wood and made fires. Ah, me! If we could just live two or three years in "old lang syne" we could come out right side up. The happy past is gone, and the humiliating present is with us. While the old man does the hard dirty work on the farm, the boy is looking for a nice easy place among the professions. While the mother is aching at breaking her back over the wash tub, the daughter is fingering the keys of a piano, or breaking her heart over some trashy novel. The farmers' days are clouded with unpaid bills, and his nights are haunted by the spectre of bailiff or sheriff. The future looks better, a new day of prosperity has risen over the west this time—and we are beginning to feel the invigorating effects of his beams, racing. The Alliance came to us just in the "nick o'time." Our energies are renewed, our prospects brightened, and hope is painting a beauti-

ful panorama of peace and plenty in the future. There has been a great many hardships, but they will not impair our faith or impede our course. Those who have oppressed us in the past are beginning to realize the magnitude of our power, and the fear of retribution is making them quake in their boots. We know we are powerful, and yet we are in our infancy. We will get to be a full grown after a little while, then a swindling, thieving traitor and politicians beware, no honorable man of any trade of calling need be afraid of the Alliance; it is our purpose to work for all we get, pay all we owe, be united in all things, and charitable to all people. Anybody that would require more of us than that or would try to break us down is a fool or a knave.

This is the time living I am in, and there has ever been one law enacted, directly in favor of, or for the especial benefit of the farmer in preference to all other classes.

We want the guano inspection tax abolished, for it is nothing but a public swindle. I don't suppose the inspector ever saw a sack of guano that came to Hart county in his life. Our guano comes through the hands of the factories in Baltimore, Charleston, and other places, and the inspection tags are sent down here from Atlanta and we help the agents put them on, sometimes they give us a handful to put on a load we have carried home and we just throw the tags down in the street.

We want a dog law passed so that we can kill the thousands of sucking hounds and barking curs in this country, and make them help to pay for schooling of their masters ignorant children. We want the State road rented or leased to the highest bidder next time, and all the proceeds to go into the public school fund. We want every man who is able to keep out of the poorhouse, to pay the dollar tax for the schools. We want the real tax on the slaves and the convicts to work the public roads. I would vote for the Blair educational bill now, and take all the money I could get for educating the poor class I wouldn't build any more colleges or universities with school money, because it is taking from the poor and giving to the rich. Any man who wants to go to our high schools than they will ever have use for it. It takes more theory to make a living in Hart county, especially if you buy guano and provisions on a credit. I think when the Farmers' Alliance gets out of debt, they will knock Georgia's notoriety off the dunce stool, and raise her standard of education to its proper place—the top. "So mote it be."

JOC SCOTT, Secretary H. C. A.

From Walker County.

EDITORS CONSTITUTION: Your letter received and read by the society of our county alliance. I was authorized to reply. The condition of the average Walker county farmer we believe, will compare favorably with any in Georgia or the south, and for these reasons our farms generally are small, productive and are cultivated with comparatively little hired labor, the work being mostly done by owners and members of their families. We raise all, or nearly so, of what we eat, raise some good cotton, and some grain, and a large percentage of cotton and for that reason have smaller bills for commercial fertilizers and supplies to pay. Now we can, and if we would make these bills nothing, one step, and in the right direction, would be taken. The "troubles under which we labor" are many and the remedies too numerous for a letter as short as I propose to take this topic up, but when we do recognize the fact that we are bound together by the same band, having the same common interest, and that by well-directed, united action can accomplish almost anything then it is we strike at the root of our troubles and take hold of the remedies. A good portion of the troubles and legislative, and the remedy to come from the legislature, but the legislators to do this meet some from the people, be in sympathy with them and their interest and be responsible, if possible, to them, not to syndicates, trusts and monopolies for their acts, and when we elect such, both state and national, men who will set apart a portion of the taxes we pay to educate our children, we will be doing our duty, leaving the frosty rocks of New Hampshire, will represent the interest and not deny the rights of the farmer and working man, will legislate at all times and in all things to protect us from combines who have the power and use it to fit all prices to suit their own interest without regard to any other consideration. When we do this, we are certain to improve and the outlook grow brighter.

We know for the past twenty-four years the working man and his interest has been looked after least of all for this reason, he has not been on hand to demand it, and we believe when the demand comes from a thorough organization of farmers our interest will then be represented and our rights respected. Hoping THE CONSTITUTION will help to teach the summit of our aims, am your friend truly,

ROBERT DOUGHERTY.

MR. FORT'S LETTERS.

NUMERO TWO.

January 16th, 1889.—Excepting a portion of the mountain region of Georgia cotton is the chief agricultural product from which the farmer receives cash. All other farm products are of minor importance to us so far as the means for the realization of money to supply the various needs that present themselves to every household.

In discussing this wonderful agricultural product of so much importance to the community and the nation, we find, we feel that all should be grateful that there is growth as the cotton plant and we involuntarily wish that those who produce it should have a reasonable remuneration for their labor. The great fluctuations in the price of cotton after the late civil war had a very injurious effect upon the cotton planting associations. During the year 1868 the price of cotton when planted in the spring was near thirty cents per pound, and when gathered in the fall was about ten cents per pound. No calculation could meet such a state of affairs, causing a prostration of many farmers from which they have never recovered to this day.

Expenses were incurred looking toward the payment in cotton, when the price received was never twenty cents per pound less than expected.

In the spring of 1868 cotton again went up, but the farmer, having sold his crop, received no benefit. The price continued to fluctuate for years, gradually becoming lower, until it was below ten cents per pound. It was impossible for these farmers in the value of this great product, and the expense incurred looking toward the payment of cotton to be paid for at the end of the season had to be provided for in future. This entailed indecision, and this required an additional effort in cotton to the forced neglect of other important crops for the purpose of saving seed.

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One of the persons who purchased this so-called fertilizer informed me that on passing through Baltimore some years afterwards he ascertained positively that the fertilizer that he purchased was made from the ashes of coal obtained from the steamboats plying in and from Baltimore, a substance which he called a fertilizer. The ashes were impressed with some volatile ammonical substance to give them a strong smell.

Another illustration. I know two farmers in middle Georgia who purchased, through a factor in Savannah, near one hundred tons of a substance called a fertilizer that was manufactured in Baltimore by a man named Ruth and was given some long, attractive name that I have forgotten. This mixture proved to be little or no practical value as far as could be seen by its effect on the cotton, it caused a loss to those who purchased it that they have never recovered from to this day.

One of the persons who purchased this so-called fertilizer informed me that on passing through Baltimore some years afterwards he ascertained positively that the fertilizer that he purchased was made from the ashes of coal obtained from the steamboats plying in and from Baltimore, a substance which he called a fertilizer. The ashes were impressed with some volatile ammonical substance to give them a strong smell.

These are but examples of many, very many similar cases that have depleted and drawn from the agricultural wealth of this state and is one of the many causes of its present condition. As commercial fertilizers have now superseded those drawn from several sources of which I write and sold at an immense profit at about one third the cost of which they were formerly sold we can readily see that what is profit made by the manufacturers. From two to three hundred per cent.

An unconscionable profit upon an article for such use.

These among other causes to be hereafter mentioned, cast a mighty shadow across the farmer's path and he recoiled at the dreadful operation.

About this time near thirteen years since a society was formed having its

headquarters in Washington city called the Patrons of Husbandry, known as the Grange.

The organization spread over the state with astonishing rapidity.

The farmers looked to it for assistance to extricate them from the toils in which so many of them were environed. I was a member of this order and an officer in it. The order felt that the farmers needed a special department in the state to protect and care for their interests. In a general meeting of the order in Atlanta a resolution was passed requesting the legislature to form a department of agriculture for the purpose of caring for the varied interests of agriculture as far as practicable.

The apprehension caused by the injudicious use of commercial fertilizers, and the waste of knowledge of the subject, was one of the greatest motives that caused the application for the formation of this department.

The legislature was in session, and I was requested by the order to bring the matter to their attention. I saw the committee on agriculture upon the subject, and the chairman requested me to prepare a bill upon the matter, as there was no such department in any state that he was aware of. I had no guide

mittee of boards of trade and followed in all the small markets, never allowing for the sale of a single article, and the cockpit of any commodity, whatever may its value after being used, is a loss to the farmer. In any purchases that he makes when the boxing or covering is of value, this courtesy is forced by the rules of others to give, is not returned to him.

It is now to consider that which has had and is still having a most hateful and depressing effect upon agriculture in this state. I speak of the price that has been and is now being paid for commercial fertilizers. I think I can demonstrate this, however, much it may be denied. To present the view that I wish to give of this question will require some space, for its importance requires consideration.

Whether the use of commercial fertilizers have added to or taken from the agricultural wealth of Georgia has been much discussed.

I will not enter into it. But take the position in discussing this question that like any other article manufactured for general use, that it is worth to a judicious man a fair price, and that the market value of such articles as manure, manure and fertilizer, and that it will yield, in ordinary seasons, a fair profit when properly used. I recognize the fact that manuring the soil is the cornerstone of successful farming.

That the farmer has not in the past, and does not in the present, obtain his commercial fertilizers from the merchant at a fair price is evident. This is the case with all articles of commerce.

Whether the use of commercial fertilizers

before me, but I draw the bill to form the agricultural department of this state, defining its duties in various matters, and giving the commissioners power to prescribe rules and prohibit the sale of worthless commercial fertilizers in this state. I handed the bill to Mr. Bacon, the speaker of the house, who gave it to Mr. Butt, of Marion county, and by him was introduced.

The bill passed without amendment after much discussion by the deciding vote of the speaker.

It shortly thereafter became a law, and about the same act has been passed by several of the southern states, including some of the northern states since that time.

It is now the subject of commercial fertilizers since they have come under the control of the department of agriculture, and as they are at present sold in this state.

This will be next considered. Respectfully,

JNO. P. FORT.

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

THE LAST EAT OF CORN.

(Revised and Corrected.)

I red what my old man has writ in the paper in Atlanta.

Er bout our troubles, loss and debts, an' "Crispus without Santy."

I red hit ter the chilhuns, and they were mighty

Ter see sich poetry dad writ, but Jimmie up an' allowed:

"Hit's mighty pretty, that's a fae," but Law! what the fels is all about?

Em ma, you'd write the truth on pap, an' tell hit yore own way,

Altho' you're not what they call, an educated

man, I red what you call, an' I red what you call,

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GENERAL LONGSTREET**TRYING TO RENT A HOUSE IN WASHINGTON CITY.****THE BUCK FACTION FIGHTING HIM.****But the General seems to be Perfectly Serene—He is Likely to Control the Patronage of Georgia.**

WASHINGTON, February 2.—[Special.]—General Longstreet, of Georgia, is here. The general reached Washington yesterday and is said to be looking for a house. From this it seems evident that the general expects some good fat office under the new administration. He is now staying at a boarding house on I street, where his son, who holds an office here in the treasury department. A number of men per men have called to see him to-day, and refused to be interviewed. There is no, however, of the fact that he is per-

CENTRIFUGAL OF SECURING AN OFFICE

much under a cabinet portfolio, but there are some Buck men here, and these men are not in favor of allowing Longstreet to hold any office, whatever.

The breach between the Buck and Longstreet faction seems to be widening, and it is evident that the Buck men are going to use all their influence to keep Longstreet from getting anything. They think Longstreet, besides getting an office for himself, wants to control the patronage for the whole state of Georgia and thereby rob Colonel Buck. They also believe that Longstreet has attempted to cajole them to the republican leaders and consequently intend retaliation.

DOES NOT MEET BUCK MEN.

General Longstreet has not met any of the Buck men since he has been in Washington, and probably will not. He has, however, talked with a number of republican leaders, and notwithstanding, the Buck opposition seems to feel certain that he will be provided for. In fact the Buck men have the idea that Longstreet thinks he is not only certain of succeeding in getting an office for himself, but believes he will have control of the Georgia offices. The Buck men are equally confident that he will not, and still do all in their power to have him left in the lurch.

The Southern Prison.

Mr. Martin Amorous, of Atlanta, has been in the city for the past two days. Mr. Amorous has talked with Judge Stewart and the various members of the judiciary committee about the bill to construct a federal prison in Atlanta. The judiciary committee has this bill in charge, and the members of it are unanimous in favor of the passage of the bill, but claim that they cannot persuade the committee on rules to grant them a day for this reason. Judge Stewart thinks it is not likely the house will consider it at this session. There is, however, one way remaining by which the bill can be considered, and that is by unanimous consent. To do this, however, the unanimous will have to be

GOTTEN OUT OF THE WAY

for the time being. This can only be done by some one who is interested in inviting the half dozen chronic objectors down into the restaurant to sample a bottle of claret, when the time arrives to call the bill up for action. The Georgia members immediately interested, however, being prohibitionists, cannot do this, and it is extremely doubtful if anything can be done with the bill this session unless Atlanta should send on a committee of anti to attend to the objectors while Judge Culberson and Judge Stewart handle the bill. The bill contains:

AN APPROPRIATION OF \$1,000,000

for the erection of two prisons, one north and one south, so it is fair to presume if the bill passes, six hundred thousand dollars would be spent in the purchase of a site and the erection of suitable buildings in Atlanta.

Major McKinley Talks.

Major McKinley met Mr. Amorous at the capital today and had a long chat with him about Atlanta and the south. He expressed a desire to again visit Atlanta, and was very positive that the incoming administration would be fair and just on all southern questions. He had no doubt but the next four years would witness great progress in southern industrial development, and said that he would lend his efforts to make the new administration a blessing to the south.

Pardon for the Moonshiners.

Mr. Candler was up to see the president today in regard to having all the violators of the internal revenue laws in his district, as well as in other portions of the state, pardoned, provided that when such pardon is granted they will take an oath never to violate these laws again. Mr. Candler cited to the president the instance of Hayes, who, at one time, was in the white house, having pardoned all violators of these laws, and stated that statistics show that the majority of them have never violated the internal revenue laws since. Mr. Candler also stated that the majority of prisoners in his district at present were

NOT IN FACT, VIOLATORS

of these laws, but were simply men who were employed by the owners of the illicit distilleries to drive their wagons, work in stables, etc. He stated that these men were simply doing this to earn a livelihood, and should not be as severely punished as the law requires they should be. The president was much impressed with Mr. Candler's statement, and promised that he would examine closely into the matter and notify Mr. Candler in a few days of his decision. Mr. Candler thinks the pardoning of these men under a pledge that they will not violate the laws in future will do more to break up illicit distilling in his district and other portions of the state than punishment under the laws.

The Senate Tariff Bill.

The ways and means committee were in session for over an hour today, but they have not yet acted upon the senate tariff bill. They, however, propose to report back to the house as soon as possible a compromise tariff bill, which will contain the internal revenue features, they being practically the same in both the Mills and the senate bills, and the portions which are similar. To this they propose to

ADD AS MANY OF THE FEATURES

of the house bill as can without destroying the idea of compromise. That is, they will eliminate such features of the Mills bill as are most antagonistic to the senate bill; or, in other words, they propose to try to reach an agreement of some kind by which tariff legislation can be enacted at this session. The committee has agreed upon this. Mr. Mills stated that he would be willing to carry this plan, but not to take the internal revenue features of the bill out and pass them separately. It will, however, take some time for the committee to go over the bill and fix it in such a manner that all the democratic members can agree upon it. There is only about five weeks now remaining before the end of the present session, and as it will be about ten days, the lowest calculation, before they can report the bill back to the house, it is not believed that any agreement will be reached. Even the members of the ways and means committee themselves say that they have

NO IDEA OF THE TWO HOUSES AGREEING

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and their followers will agree to this unless other portions of the bill are included. Therefore, if the democrats follow Mr. Mills the probability is very strong that nothing will be done; but this is doubtful as there are many democrats who are determined to see that the tobacco tax is repealed at this session.

The Atlanta Barracks.

The Atlanta barracks will get \$100,000 altogether this year. The sundry civil bill appropriates \$75,000, the deficiency bill \$75,000 and there is now \$16,000 on hand at the war department to be used for the purpose of building a commandant's house. The sundry civil bill has already passed the house. The deficiency bill has not yet been reported, the delay having been caused by the death of Mr. Burns, who had the bill in charge. It will, however, be reported next week. The quartermaster-general was before the sub-committee today, and recommended \$75,000 in it for the Atlanta barracks, stating that he had directed the appropriation of \$75,000 last year elsewhere. The committee promised to give it, and the full amount of \$106,000 is now assured.

The Oklahoma Lobby.

A good sized sensation is brewing over the methods and influence used to secure the passage of the Oklahoma bill. It was the principal topic of conversation about the corridors today, and many of the old members said that they had never seen.

SO FORMIDABLE A LOSING

since the days of General Grant. There is a general disposition to rebuke this outrageous practice of lobbying bills through congress. It is said that last night the members of the third party, or in other words the lobbyists, met in a downtown hotel and divided the swag; and as an instance of the pressure brought to bear upon some of the members, the case of Congressman Russell, of Massachusetts, might be cited. Russell believes the bill is

AN INQUISITIVE AND UNJUST MEASURE

and just before the vote was taken he told General Hooker that he would have voted against it, but that to do so would defeat his re-election, as fourteen million worth of Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe bonds were owned in his district, and he had been threatened with political assassination if he refused to vote for the bill. General Hooker told him that he dare not permit him (Hooker) to announce that fact on the floor of the house to the country. The feeling prevails here that they have not met any of the

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MILLIONS ABLAZE!**TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION IN BUFFALO, N. Y.****LOSS OVER THREE MILLION DOLLARS**

Blocks of Fine Business Houses Reduced to Ashes—Falling Walls Injure Several Persons—A Panic at the Fire.

BUFFALO, N. Y., February 2.—At 2:35 this morning fire was discovered on the fourth floor of a five-story building owned and in a great part occupied by Root & Keating, wholesale sole leather, at the corner of Carroll and Wells streets. The ferocity of the wind made it certain that the fire, if it got a hold, would be a disastrous one. The building, with frontages of 134 feet on Carroll and 127 on Wells street, was situated in the heart of business blocks. It was separated only by the breadth of Carroll street from the fine proof Jewett block, fronting on Seneca street, and was directly in line with the new six story block of Sibley & Holwood, candy manufacturers.

On the opposite side of Wells street, a little further north, is the Broesel house, a massive six-story structure, whose guests were up and dressed in a few minutes after the alarm. They were scared and had good reason to be, for commercial men, who largely composed its guests, had painful memories of hotel fires in Buffalo.

The flames had good hold of the Root & Keating building and at 3 o'clock the flames

were almost unbearable, even at Seneca street. The sky was illuminated for many miles and smoke from all parts of the city was visible.

At 3:15 a.m. the raging mass of flame was grandly terrible. Wells street was being swept by a sheet of fire waded across two streets by the wind.

At 3:25, the rear of the six story brick building of Sibley & Holwood had caught and portions of the back of the Broesel house were smoking. There were nearly fifty tons of starch stored in the top floors of Sibley & Holwood's building, according to the statement of one of their employees, and the starch burned like tinder when once ignited, carrying the flames through from the rear to the front of the building in a few moments.

At 3:27 the rear of Swift & Stambach's and T. C. Reynolds' stores on Seneca street were in a full blaze. The fire ran along the roof as though the material that composed it was

not believed to be of any value.

At 3:35 the southwest corner of the Broesel house was burning fast. The guests were moving out their baggage, and a large number of firemen went to the aid of the guests in the hotel. The wind had shifted to the northwest and

the flames were moving out towards the rear of the building.

At 3:40 the roof of S. F. Egan's whisky store, just east of the Broesel house, was on fire. The firemen on Seneca street directed their efforts to a building on the other side of the street. The front of the Broesel house had become a mass of flames.

Shortly before 4 o'clock the sixth floor of Sibley & Holwood's store fell with a tremendous crash, sending a storm of debris and embers in all directions. At this time the top floor of the Jewett building appeared a roaring oven.

The scene on Carroll street was appalling.

On the north side of the street the Sibley & Holwood building was in ruins, and the Jewett building was blazing from basement to roof.

A large six-story building occupied by Moffat Bros., Hoffield & Co., and other firms, on the opposite side next to the Root & Keating building, was yet untouched, but at 4:30 the cornices of the top story began to blaze, though the firemen held them in check for a time. The walls of the Jewett block now began to bulge and the crowd gave a howl of warning to the firemen. At 4:15 the walls fell with a shock that fairly shook the surrounding walls, and before the cloud of dust cleared away

the flames were in full blaze. There was nothing to do but leave the fire to run its course.

A TERRIBLE PANIC MADE

AT THE DAY IN THE HOUSE.

The Dakota Admission Bill—Naval Appropriations—Pago Pago Harbor.

WASHINGTON, February 2.—The house insisted on its amendment to the senate bill for the admission of South Dakota, and conferees were appointed.

Mr. Hatch, of Missouri, from the committee on agriculture, reported the agricultural appropriation bill, and it was placed upon the calendar.

THE DAY IN THE HOUSE.

The Dakota Admission Bill—Naval Appropriations—Pago Pago Harbor.

WASHINGTON, February 2.—Consul General Sewall is still in the city. He declines to say his reasons for delaying his departure for Samoa. It is learned from sources dependent on him that he made all preparations to leave Washington for Samoa at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, but about noon that day he received a note from the assistant secretary asking him to call at the state department, which he did, and was then told by Mr. Rives that he was to delay his departure. At 3:27 the rear of Swift & Stambach's and T. C. Reynolds' stores on Seneca street were in a full blaze. The fire ran along the roof as though the material that composed it was not believed to be of any value.

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PENCIL AND PRESS.

The coming road congress, to be held in Atlanta, is receiving marked attention from the people of the state, and the indications are that it will be largely attended. Public meetings have been held in many counties for the purpose of appointing delegates and deciding upon lines of policy. The Greensboro *Advertiser* says of it:

It is not necessary to discuss how vital the question is, or how grave and necessary are the reasons calling for an improvement. It has been a point which for more than six years we have urged upon our people and in this case the need of which has not improved in time and again been met. For the point now is, how can the improvement be secured? In our opinion the cheapest is the best plan.

W. E. Randall, a former proprietor of the *Griffin Sun*, is about to start a daily paper in Milledgeville.

THE BODY DISINTERRED.

The Mystery Surrounding the Death of Mrs. Ricks.

DOUGLASSVILLE, GA., February 2.—[Special.]

On Tuesday, Mrs. Mary Ricks, wife of Thomas Ricks, was buried. Her father, R. M. Willis, thinking there had been foul play, had the grand jury to investigate the matter, but there was not sufficient evidence to warrant a finding against the grand jury.

A wreck caused us to have to lie over, and I determined to avail myself of this opportunity to visit the haunted house.

Leaden clouds veiled the cheerless heavens, and the sooty rain came down, mingling its grievous wail with the plaintive sighs of the wind among the pines.

A long, low, weather-beaten structure, once a dwelling, now a large saw mill was rapidly falling in the west as I stepped off the train at this lonely station in the heart of the pine barrens.

"Dishes, knives and forks and everything of the sort would leave the table, go flying here and there. I am my crockery, and glassware, too. Finally he beat me twice, and the tin plates would go flying about and strike the walls hard enough to indent them.

I shall never forget the CURIOUS DEAD SOUND

that thing made as they fell. It was unlike anything I ever heard before or since.

"A little nurse girl that I had was struck in the head with a wooden spoon, and within a foot of me holding the baby. My little boy was struck with a smoothing iron and hurt.

The things seemed to have such a spite at the girl that I was forced to send her away.

"It was a strange thing. I could repeat many instances of the curious freaks performed, but the public has heard and read them, and few people are unfamiliar with the history of the house."

Mrs. Surrency lived several years afterward, but was finally killed in a fight with a man at Baxley, who stabbed him mortally.

Mrs. Surrency married a Dr. Travis Thigpen, but the marriage was not a happy one. He wanted to make way with property belonging to his children, and she would not allow him to do so.

Finally he left one morning, saying he would return that evening, but he never came back.

That was six or seven years ago.

Meeting an old darkey down among the cabins, I asked him about the

WEIRD WONDER OF SURRENCY,

and glancing around hurriedly, as if he were afraid the ghost would overtake him, he said:

"Boss, you day allay no sperrit here now. But I des' tell yo' day's sump'n rudder curus bout dat ol' well."

"I hear 'em dar myself, an' I ain't de onies one nudder. Dey sump'n roams abou' dat ol' shed wen' hit's da'k ar rainy, an' one night I seed er no-headed man walkin' to'rds me, an' wen' come purty close 'e changed me quick interd."

"NO HEADED MULE!"

"I got up from dan, I tell yo'."

"An' lots er niggers say day hear sum uner roamin' an' er mo' moun' mongst dem timbers at night, an' you can't get none un' em 'em for troggin' round dat place ter da'k."

"Law de, niggers done mos' all gone f'm dis place, anyhow. Dey don't wan'ter be mixed up wid no ghoes' ne' hants, ner sich capers er dat here, mysef."

I wanted to give the snooks an opportunity to subject themselves to an interview.

So here I sit, at midnight, a stone's throw from the solitary house, writing this letter by the flickering light of a railroad lantern dimly burning.

The rain is coming down in a dreary drizzle.

Your dreary heavens are black as the pall of a winter night can make them.

Over in another room is the monotonous click-a-click, clack, click-clack, click-a-clack of the telegraph instrument.

I even see the vague outlines of those ghastly white chimneys and the shadowy back of the tall desolate house.

In the dim light down the road I catch the weird cry of some night loving water fowl, calling hoarsely to each other as they keep up their nocturnal hunt for food.

It has pointed to that hour for sixteen years!

I passed through another door that stood ajar—nearly everything stands ajar there—and entered the dining room, a dusky chamber, with the two main rooms.

Into the right-hand door, which opens on to the old parlor, I walked.

The silent school went jarring and crack; in the night school and corridor as my footsteps on the cold bare floor awoke them from their restless dreams.

On the opposite side of the hall, higher than I could reach, is the old-fashioned eight day clock, the minute hand gone, a hole in the center of the dial plate that gives it the look of the front view of a skull, and the hour hand moving, in mute explanation, to the hour of six.

It has pointed to that hour for sixteen years!

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Twenty miles east you can look to Jesup. You can see the headlight of the engine when it is no bigger than a lightning bug.

I am still a boy.

As I stood there gazing out into the deep gloom that was almost palpable and "night" be felt," I was suddenly conscious of an approaching figure.

Slowly and noiselessly it came down the platform.

It looked like a man.

Never let me come.

It was a man, or something in the shape of a man.

I felt for my pistol in my overcoat pocket.

I had left it in my valise inside.

Nearer came the figure, gliding through the gloom.

My hat rose up; my knees began to quiver; I could not stand; I was too weak to fight and too wicked to pray.

I reached out to push the thing off.

It halted just out of reach.

A ray of light shining through a crevice fell on its features, and I saw the white, haggard face of a man!

"I can't stay at the mill!" The low, whining tones that sounded like a suppressed shriek sent a thrill of fright through my heart.

"Can't I come in?"

"No you can't."

The voice of Stationmaster Wilson called me to my senses, and as he flashed his lantern on the tattered, breadcrumbed, barefooted tramp of fate, I saw it was only a trap.

"Has anything been seen here of late?"

"Aha! I know somethin' about this old place," said Mr. Surrency.

"What's that?"

"It's what some folks calls it," said he, glancing over her shoulder as she spoke.

"But as my part I hain't never seed no spurs here."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Law s'aime, I dunno. Good many years I be'n' wif' this 'ere East Tennessee road. I didn't know pertickler where I was."

"Did you hear the story of the house?"

"Well, ye'll jest show me anybody in these diggings that don't know 'bout hit. I'll give you a party. Sixteen or seventeen year ago hit w'er the bigges' skeery stories ever you hear o'."

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The Sunday Constitution—\$2 a year—sent to any address.

ATLANTA, GA., FEBRUARY 3, 1889.

The People Will Decide—At Last.

Never was it so necessary that the people of the south should be united and harmonious as right now.

All thoughtful men admit that no issue compares in importance with the race problem. That problem is brought to the front by the recession of the republican party. It absorbs attention—and the profoundest anxiety, north and south, rests on every step taken toward its solution. It is not extravagant to say that the very existence of the south depends on its wise and proper solving.

Whatever may be the final outcome, it is essential that the south should move with deliberation and make no mistake. There can be no deliberation and there will be mistakes if the white people are divided. A serious division of the whites means irritation, feverish haste, a general unbalancing. From this it would deeper to debauchery, delusions for the ignorant, cash for the corrupt, spoils for the cunning, place for the ambitious. The deliberate, thereby the peaceful, and thereby the just and honorable settlement of the problem would be delayed, if indeed it were not made impossible.

The clear and unmistakable duty of the hour is the compact and patriotic unity of the white people of the south. For every consideration, save those of party advantage or plunder, and rather in their despite, our people should hold in their own hands, in which are already gathered the conservatism, the intelligence and the responsibility—the power that now and at last must handle this problem and settle it. On us will fall with appalling force the result of even the slightest mistake—and not on us alone, but on those who shall come after us, the result of any serious mistake.

In this crisis, when all depends on the utmost prudence and deliberation, and when that depends on the resolute unity of democrats of all factions, there are two influences at work in Georgia. One of these constantly urges harmony in the ranks, begs that every difference be lost, and every opinion subordinated to the essential need of unity. The other taunts and jeers those democrats who disagree with it, demands that they leave the party ranks, threatens to kick them out if they do not leave, aspiring under the motive of inflamed ambition to rule or ruin.

We need not say where THE CONSTITUTION stands. It stands for harmony and unity. It welcomes with loving hands and holds with loving heart every man in the democratic ranks. It has no censure of faith for its fellow soldiers and does not aspire to run up and down the line spying into every cartridge box and denouncing as a traitor every veteran who does not meet its standard of a soldier. It is almost incredible that at this grave juncture of affairs, in the hour of a defeat that can be repaired by enthusiasm unity and courage, there are only found democrats who daily denounce a large faction of their comrades and demand that they leave the party ranks. And yet it is true. Under the title of "protection democrats" a large element of the party is daily vilified, jeered at and invited to leave the democratic camp—and this, too, by democrats! Is it an exalted love of the party that prompts this extraordinary course—or is it an ambition for local leadership and advantage, that would sacrifice the party to make that leadership undisputed? Let us see!

The democratic party represents a fundamental policy of government. Its faith cannot be put in words—its history cannot be written in the limits of any one movement—its mission cannot be shut in by special revolutions or reforms. It witnesses the overthrow or establishment of theories—the working out or abandonment of details—the capture and the loss of position—and undisturbed and unshaken, it ruffles its armes and marches on its way. The men who construe the details of today into its everlasting essence, are the men who, reaching for the fixed stars, catch the drifting clouds. Just now it is the details of tariff reform that the rule or rule leaders propose to make the sole and only standard of democratic faith. Let us see. On this point the platform of '84 differs from the platform of '88. Which is official and binding? On that of '84 we won. On that of '88 we lost. Who can say what the platform of '92 will declare? At this very moment, Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, is in open difference with Mr. Breckinridge, of Arkansas—Mr. Bynum with Mr. Mills. This difference is on the tariff—who are the traitors? Messrs. Carlton, Candler and Turner, of this state, disagree with Messrs. Crisp and Blount on the internal revenue feature of the tariff. Who of these are to be kicked out? On the other hand, it is found that the senate tariff bill, which is republican, and the house bill, which is democratic, agree in enough items to bring about a reduction of \$40,000,000 a year in revenue. Isn't that a pretty sharp step towards wiping out the sole test of democracy the extremists here set up? But it is replied that the internal revenue tax now laid on whisky and tobacco must stand, and the reduction made on the necessities of life. But both democrats and republicans agree that the tax on tobacco shall be removed, and Mr. Mills has agreed that the tax on brandy from fruits should go with it.

What are these so called protection democrats doing to deserve this denunciation? All democrats agree that the tariffs should be revised. It is only a question of degree, and in an indirect way, bulldoze the democrats of the south into excusing, if not de-

ted his voice in the campaign was the "voice of agitation"—and that once having "arrested the attention" of the country he would drop to the voice of reason. We believe the tariff should be revised until it yields no more than enough revenue for the needs of government—but that it should be so laid as to give incidental protection to home industries. We stand on the platform on which Mr. Cleveland was elected. But admit that there is a difference between democrats on the tariff and that there are those who may be called "protection democrats." Have they shown any disposition to leave the democratic ranks because of this difference? In Birmingham, the very hot bed of sentiment, the democratic majority was 1,500, and a half dozen gentlemen who went to consult with President Harrison, found no democratic following at home. In Georgia three gentlemen have announced themselves republicans, two of whom were ayed in their purpose to vote the republican ticket two years ago. This certainly does not like a serious defection. But, even if it had been otherwise—if there had been a considerable movement of desertion threatened—would it not have been the part of patriotism and wisdom, to have counselled harmony and unity and to have begged every man to sacrifice his views on this economic question for the deeper issues that are involved in democratic supremacy, to put down his doubts and gird up his loins once more for democracy? Would not that have been better than to have denounced and insulted and to have brutally demanded that those who did not believe Mr. Watson's "voice of agitation" was the voice of reason, should pick up their traps and get out?

A Paradise for Red Heads.

The red-headed man generally holds his own wherever he is placed, but in Samoa he can hold more than his own.

Among the primitive children of the sun who inhabit these favored isles, a man with a red head is a thing of beauty and a joy so long as he is in sight. When one makes his appearance the Samoans make a rush for him and beg locks of his hair to keep for souvenirs. In Samoa it would be the easiest matter in the world for a red-headed man to become king.

It is not the patriotic way—or the sensible way. We shall not attempt to interpret the motives that inspire men to walk therein. We shall not charge that it is the ambition to confirm, at any cost, a casual leadership, the first act of which was to lead the party from a practically impregnable position into the morasses of defeat.

It is not necessary that we should interpret these things. The facts stand for themselves. The people are observing with interest. As to whose course is wisest and most conservative—broadest and most patriotic—most sensible and unselfish—as to which influence stands for harmony, and which for disintegration—why, the people will decide all this—last!

BISMARCK remarks to his North American audience that his vassal in Samoa has gone too far; but in an aside he commands the vassal to go right ahead.

Politics and Crime.

The comments of the republican organs of the north on the assassination of John M. Clayton recall, in their misdirected bitterness, the period when every event that happened in the south—the cowardly whipping of a negro, the accidental shooting of a white man, a murder or a lynching—was twisted into political significance.

We are now told, with all the various contortions of English that the cultured republican editors can command that the murder of John M. Clayton was political in its character. Thus an old issue is reviled. We are brought face to face with the republican idea that for crime to be really criminal it must be political. Nor is this all. A political crime is sometimes committed in the north. One man kills another in a political dispute, and negroes are mobbed in Ohio, because, under the law of that state, they want to send their children to the common schools, but all this goes for nothing. There is nothing really criminal about a political crime, unless it is committed in the south, and then it takes the shape of treason and felony.

Of late there has been such a dearth of this material that the republican partisans hail the dastardly assassination of John M. Clayton with a glee that they take no pains to conceal. THE CONSTITUTION has never inquired whether the murder of Clayton is political or non-political—whether it is social, scientific or mathematical, philological or agnostic. From any point of view, it is a dastardly assassination. To say that it is political does not make it more of a crime, and to say that it is non-political furnishes not the shadow of an excuse.

It is one of the most horrible and dastardly assassinations on record, and the people of Arkansas owe it to themselves to vindicate justice by hunting the assassin down and hanging him. The crime is as dastardly in all its aspects as the brutal murder of the wife and children of Dick Hawes, of Birmingham, and the criminal should be made to feel the full vengeance of the law.

A murder is no less a murder because there may be political motive behind it. The assassin who shot John Clayton is just as dastardly a murderer as Dick Hawes is, if he murdered, as is charged, his wife and children, and he should be hung with as short shift and as utter certainty. Indeed, if there is a difference, it is in favor of the man who in passion commits the crime, rather than who, with insane political calculations, shoots down his victim in cold blood. We know that we express the sentiment of the south when we write these words. The man who assassinates a political opponent, is a murderer just as much as the thing who murders for money, the ruffian who murders in rage, or the villain who murders in lust. And he should be led to the gallows even if other murderers escape.

We understand the tactics of the republican partisans, however. By crying out that the assassination of Clayton is a political crime they hope to place the democratic party of Arkansas on the defensive, and, in an indirect way, bulldoze the democrats of the south into excusing, if not de-

fending, an inexcusable and indefensible crime. There was a time when, through the force of circumstances, the republican politicians were shrewd enough to place the whole south on the defensive for a crime for which the south, as a political body, had nothing more to do than the north had to do with the political murders committed by the Whyo gang of New York city.

But that time is past. We are no longer troubled by republican opinion at the north. We know now that "Jim" Blaine and "B.B." Chandler represent republican principles, and this is all that is necessary to show.

It is now known that the Austrian prince died of apoplexy; that he shot himself in a fit of mental aberration; that he deliberately committed suicide, and that he was murdered. It will thus be seen that his taking off was quite royal in its multifariousness.

Shall We Have an Exposition?

Committees were appointed at the Friday night meeting to solicit subscriptions to the exposition.

These committees are to report next Saturday night and their report will decide definitely whether or not an exposition will be held in Atlanta this fall. The committee on the exposition, the chairman of which is Mr. H. W. Grady, must raise \$7,500. If this is done the exposition will be held. If this amount is not raised there will be no exposition. The matter will be finally settled on Saturday night when the lists are presented.

The strike on the surface roads in New York has already had two results. It has published an innocent public, and taken out of the pockets of the strikers money that they can ill afford to lose.

The Alliance and its Head.

The resignation of President Jackson, of the State Alliance—which is understood to have been something more than a resignation—marks a very serious crisis in the affairs of the order in Georgia.

It is the history of all such organizations that they have gone to pieces through internal dissensions. The alliance undoubtedly has elements of strength no similar order has ever possessed. There is assuredly a crying need for some organization, cooperative, educational and inspiring among the farmers. Many had hoped this was found in the alliance.

Shall this hope be disappointed? Two things that may happen will shatter it. The first is a serious and bitter scramble for the vacant place. The second is the election of a man of little weight, of less than first-class reputation, and of suspected motives. It is not essential that this man should not be a candidate for office. Indeed it may be necessary that the man who takes the leadership of the alliance now shall lead it through more serious campaigns than any it has yet known. But the man should be a practical farmer, a man absolutely above suspicion, of strong common sense, successful in his own affairs and possessing the confidence of all men!

The alliance is in its crisis! Will its true friends come to the front and control, or will they let it fall into weak or designing hands? We write as one who has hoped for much from the alliance and who sees much that it can do and should do!

The smashing of Mr. Billy Chandler by THE CONSTITUTION has caused great amusement among senators. There are none, even among little Mr. Billy's party friends, willing to apply a plaster to his sores.

The Agricultural Experimental Station.

The interview in yesterday's CONSTITUTION with Congressman Hatch and other members of the house committee on agriculture, will no doubt have considerable weight in influencing the action of the commission on experimental station in locating the station.

Mr. Hatch, the author of the bill making federal appropriations for such stations, says that under the provisions of his bill, stations, to receive the government appropriation, must go with the state colleges, which, for Georgia, means Athens. "There can be no question about it," said he. "The bill said the station shall be established under direction of the college, or college, or agricultural department of colleges in each state or territory established or which may hereafter be established, in accordance with the provisions of an act approved July 2, 1862."

Mr. Morgan, of Mississippi, and other members of the committee, take a similar position, clearly showing that Athens has the inside track in the matter of the location of the station in the opinion of those who will supply the money for its maintenance. And outside of this, there is every reason why the station should be operated in connection with the agricultural college.

Are Elevators Dangerous?

The postal business of a community keeps pace with its growth. When a city is failing behind in population and commerce to receive the post office will correspondingly decrease; and, on the other hand, when the place is growing and prosperous, the business of the post office will be increased.

In another column will be found a comparative summary of the business transacted by several leading southern postoffices for the years 1878 and 1888. The figures presented tell an astonishing story of progress and development.

Ten years ago the Atlanta office received only \$20,492.48 and disbursed \$32,115.62, thus failing to pay expenses by \$2,623.14. The same year Savannah's receipts were slightly ahead of ours, leaving a net revenue of nearly \$2,000, for the office. The Charleston office received nearly \$44,000, with a net revenue of over \$2,000. At Richmond the receipts were over \$70,000, and the net revenue was nearly \$4,700. Nashville received over \$49,000, and had a net revenue of over \$3,700. Memphis showed over \$50,000 in receipts and a net revenue of nearly \$300.

But in 1888, ten years later, all this was changed. Atlanta came to the front with a total of post office receipts amounting to \$124,914.82, leaving, after all disbursements, a net revenue of \$84,525.32, a net increase of over \$87,000, nearly three times the sum total of Atlanta's receipts ten years before.

The other offices mentioned stood as follows:

Savannah's receipts were in round numbers \$72,000, net revenue \$46,000;

Charleston, receipts \$66,000, net revenue \$30,000;

Richmond, receipts \$139,000, net revenue \$90,000;

Nashville, receipts \$112,000, net revenue \$73,000; and Memphis, receipts \$117,000, net revenue \$80,000.

Not a single city in the list, with the exception of Richmond, shows anything like the tremendous increase of the Atlanta postoffice's volume of business and net revenue.

These figures are from the postmaster-general's report, and they speak for themselves.

In addition to these points, the article referred to will show that in 1878 only two Georgia cities were reported as depots for the post office department, but in 1888

the number of cities reported as depots

had increased to twenty.

The increase in the number of cities

is due to the fact that the

post office department has

been more liberal in its

selection of cities for

post offices.

The day of cheapness and adulteration.

The episode of the Mercantile Banking company teaches a lesson that reaches beyond the two men in Fulton county jail.

The victims—what of them? Here they are rich, conservative, strong bankers all over the country. They had their connections at Atlanta—reputable banks, with whom their relations had always been satisfactory. Suddenly there comes along a fly-in-the-creek concern that offers to save them perhaps fifty cents on a thousand dollar collection. Without a word they drop their old friends, and without investigation take up the new concern. They pour thousands of dollars into its hands as carelessly as if it were the United States treasury—only to find they were pouring it into something worse than a rat hole, with rats tracks patterning all about the entrance.

Welcome to Our Birmingham Visitor.

THE CONSTITUTION announces with pleasure the stroke of enterprise that puts a special edition of the Birmingham Age-Herald in Atlanta this morning by a special train.

We understand the tactics of the republican

partisans, however.

By crying out that the assassination of

Clayton is a political crime they hope to

place the democratic party of Arkansas

on the defensive.

We do not undertake to

return them.

Even Mr. Watterson admits

however, that none of our people will be betrayed into reading this story today. They will buy the Age-Herald and lay it away till Monday morning, when they will rise with the chickens and hasten to see whether Hawes is guilty or innocent.

We trust the Age-Herald will find its visit profitable. By such strokes of enterprise that paper begins to properly illustrate the great city in which it is published. Our congratulations are tendered.

What a world of news THE CONSTITUTION bears to its readers this morning. The earth is its field and the nations its theme. Everything from the stir in France to the gatting at Suresnes, from the fuss in Samoa to a fire in Buffalo. The discussions in congress; the doings of the fashionable world, the stories of murder and riot and luxury, the news from the farms and the essence of the magazines—every department of politics, society, and the range of crime and casualty. All these are sounded and explored that THE CONSTITUTION may be to its readers the historian of yesterday, the prophet of tomorrow.

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BLOOD IN THE STREETS

THE STRUGGLE OF THE NEW YORK CAR DRIVERS.

AGAINST THE STREET CAR COMPANIES

Desperate Encounters Between the Strikers and the Police—Bottles Busted from House Tops—To End Soon.

New York, February 2.—The fifth day of the peace road ("tie-up") gives abundant evidence that the spirit if not the backbone of the movement is broken. A very great number of strikers are looking for work at the stables. At the hour for starting cars on several lines that were running yesterday scarcely a striker was to be seen.

At 9:30 a.m. all cars of the Third, Fourth and Sixth avenue lines were running, and the Bleeker and Twenty-third street road had considerably increased the number they had yesterday. The Third avenue line has policemen only on every fourth car.

RIOTERS CLUSTERED BY POLICEMEN.

About 12:15 a mob at Tenth street and Avenue C, near the cross-town car stables, tried to force a green driver from his car. A couple of policemen, after a hard struggle, drove the crowd back. One striker was severely clubbed, and had to be taken to a drug store for treatment. Superintendent Murray sent a patrol wagon with a force to the scene of the disturbance.

There was a smash up on the Broadway railroad at Bleeker street this forenoon, and one of the company's horses was killed. A passenger had his leg cut. The trouble was caused by a green driver of the Broadway line running his car into the Bleeker street car.

Shortly after 2 o'clock this afternoon the Belt line company started a car to make the circuit of its route. The car was accompanied by a large force of police in two patrol wagons. This is the first attempt of the Belt line at resumption of the road, heretofore being conducted by the drivers of the strikers.

Nearly the entire police force of Brooklyn were guarding the Fifth avenue line of the Atlanta avenue company today.

RELIEVED BY ITALIAN LABORERS.

No trouble was reported at the various points where strikers congregate tonight. Police stations about the different stables say very little of the trouble. The drivers are to meet the strikers to look after the horses of the Eighth avenue line were relieved from duty by the company tonight, and their places are said to have been filled by Italian laborers.

NEW MEN COMING IN.

Some two hundred drivers and conductors came from Boston today, and smaller numbers from Philadelphia. They found employment on the various lines. More are expected from the same places on Monday. The police this afternoon formed themselves into two detachments and then made a flank movement on the strikers, assembles in the neighborhood of the Second Avenue station, and drove them into the big street and out of sight of the stables. This was for the purpose of enabling the "scabs" to leave their posts in the building for their homes and they were accompanied to elevated railroad stations by the police.

ONE CAR ON THE BELT LINE.

Eighteen drivers and conductors have not made a move yet, but one car was run on the Belt line this afternoon. Superintendent Harris acted as driver, and about him and inside the car a number of police officers were stationed. There was considerable shooting at various points along the route. A patrol wagon was sent to the scene of the trouble. A hundred policemen cleared the crowd from the depot when the car returned, to accomplish which clubs were wielded unsparingly.

Fighting in New York.

We print as curious news the following reports of the struggle between the police and the mob in New York city. It is almost like fighting behind barricades in Paris. It will be noticed that several citizens were drawn into the skirmish and protected their places of business with their pistols.

Not the least curious thing in the whole matter is the indifference with which the New York papers take the whole thing, and the matter-of-fact way in which they treat it.

PISTOL SHOTS NEAR LONGACRE.

Exchanged by Rioters and Police—A Striker Shot—A Policeman Stabbed.

From the New York Evening Sun.
All day long the plaza at Seventh avenue, Forty-third street, and Forty-seventh street was crowded. It is just below the Sixth avenue stables, at Fifty-first street, and is the point of a number of twisting streets upon which the workers yesterday. They are the Broadway and the Forty-second street and Manhattanville lines. Inspector Williams, in the day, sent special forces of police to patrol the sides of the plaza, which is locally known as Longacre. A crowd had assembled at Forty-third street. The police were running with some regularity, and the evident intention of the strikers was to stop them. First they made a dash eastward along Forty-ninth street, with the idea of wrecking a Broadway car. They were met by a detail from the car stables, sent out by Inspector Williams, and driven back. They seemingly dispersed, and the police returned.

UPSET A BOULEVARD CAR.

Immediately the mob reorganized, upset a Boulevard car, in which were several passengers, and laid hold of passing diry trucks, which they upset on the Seventy-second street. The police were strung out across the street. Lynch grabbed him. The man turned and fought, and the mob jumped upon Lynch. With his left hand upon the striker's collar he used his stick with his right, and beat the crowd a little back. Policeman Thompson was fighting his way with his club to the assistance of Lynch.

SHOTS FROM THE CROWD.

Lynch had drawn his revolver. A moment later he fired over the heads of the crowd as they made a renewed attack. At the moment a rioter, who is described as a very tall, bearded man, shouted:

"Up, G—, more'n one can play at that game."

There was a pistol shot. The man who was in the policeman's grasp sank to the ground. Lynch fired again, and several shots, seemingly from as many revolvers, blazed away in return. The man who was the striker who was still in Lynch's grasp, though prostrate, appears to have suffered.

Then a man grabbed the wounded prisoner. Lynch struck at him and missed. A salvo from the mob made the turn. At that moment Policeman Thompson seized a long stick through the line. He had it well out. The strikers said he had fired. Some said it was his bullet that brought down Lynch's prisoner.

FIGHTING FOR THE PRISONER.

Thompson cleared elbow room with his club, and grabbed the man who was trying to pull the wounded prisoner from Lynch's grasp.

The crowd laid hold of Thompson and pulled him off. The man started down the street and Thompson ran after him with a crowd after both. The man ran into a saloon near Forty-seventh street. It was full of men. Thompson grabbed him by the collar and in. Thompson sat his revolver and pointing it in the faces of the crowd, backed out of the saloon with his prisoner. He took the man to Captain Killie's station house, where the prisoner gave his name as Thomas Reardon, of 252 West Forty-seventh street. Phoenix Lynch was the last to hit the prisoner, who said he was James Nease, of 155 West Forty-sixth street, Broadway car driver. He had been shot in the left leg above the knee, the shot ranging upward. It is a bad wound. He was taken to Bellevue hospital.

THEY PUT INTO ROUNDSMEN MORGAN'S ARM.

Two hours later the Broadway cars had

stopped running. No more boulevard cars, but several had yet returned to the stables, and their appearance caused demonstrations at Longacre which the police considered too threatening to be allowed. One man seemed to be the leader of the disturbance, and him Roundsman Thomas Morgan, of the Thirty-first precinct, singled out. After beating the crowd back from the tracks several rounds were exchanged. Morgan was hit. He didn't go and was hustled away. Later he returned, and was again threatened. Morgan found him the third time in the middle of the plaza, inciting the crowd, and arrested him. The man resisted, and after a brief struggle drew a large clasp knife. Morgan made a wide slash down upon him with a great force. The knife passed through Morgan's left sleeve just above the shoulder, and went through the muscles of the arm half way between wrist and elbow.

street door and in a few seconds there was a violent commotion at the Tenth avenue door. A fat man got stuck in the doorway, and he was beaten unmercifully by the men behind him, who were struggling to get away from the policemen's clubs. Finally he was pushed out, and men tumbled over him and each other. A few minutes later three policemen were ordered to clear Fifty-third street. There were at least 200 men on the south side of the street. Past experiences had made them cautious, and though the policemen ran like deer, the mob ran faster and escaped the terrible sticks. A platoon of police marched up Tenth avenue, and the mob melted away before their approach. Another platoon marched the avenue with like results.

John K. Sullivan, treasurer of the campaign funds of the United Labor party last fall, was among those at Fifty-second street and Tenth avenue. A policeman whacked him across the arms and legs.

President Scribner said that he has men enough to man all the cars he cares to run, and that he is going to run them as soon as the police can insure him proper protection.

"I wanted to run a car today," he said, "but was advised not to by Inspector Steers. Of course there is no prospect of a settlement, because there is nothing to settle."

THE MERCANTILE CASES.

NO NEW DEVELOPMENTS YESTERDAY—Mr. FORBES WRITES A CARD.

RECEIVER NORRIS STILL CLINGS TO THAT SIXTY CENTS.

He has been spending the past few days on a hunting expedition—hunting for more assets.

His search wasn't particularly reassuring yesterday.

There were, in short, no developments in the case yesterday. Mr. Tolleson and Mr. Richards remain in the county jail. Mr. Tolleson has contracted quite a severe cold, but otherwise is well.

HAD NO BUSINESS WITH THEM.

The bank of America was one of those mentioned as losing by the Mercantile Banking company. The following telegram from the bank disputes that statement:

THE CONSTITUTION: A special from Atlanta, Georgia, says that the bank of America is out four thousand dollars by the Tolleson failure. This is entirely untrue. This bank has never had a business transaction of any kind with Mr. Tolleson, or any of his firms.

S. H. HAWKINS, President.

MR. FORBES PRINTS A CARD.

EDDIES CONSTITUTION: You will doubtless do me the favor to correct a publication that appeared in your paper a day or two ago. In that publication it appeared that I had been made party defendant in the proceeding against the Mercantile Banking company, and that the receiver had been appointed to collect on my debts and effects, etc., thereby placing me in a false attitude before the public. It is true that I have been employed by Mr. Tolleson in his office, and that I only knew him through his office, but the only man that was bookkeeper for the defendant, had the only key to the office, and claimed the exclusive right to seal and open the safe and close the door. I am not the true owner of the safe, nor last, there was not one particle of proof offered against me in any particular. By direction of Mr. E. J. Jones, Mr. Tolleson's lawyer, I surrendered myself to the police. I have given them a full account to the proceeding, as the order granted by the judge will show.

By publishing the above, you will greatly oblige, and I think it is asking nothing but what is due me.

NESTOR H. FORBES.

THAT VOUDOU CASE.

CORONER AVARD HOLDS AN INQUEST OVER THE BODY OF ALFRED STREET.

Though Coroner Avard had decided to hold no inquest over the body of Alfred Street, the negro on Larkin street, thought to have been poisoned by a voodoo female doctor, a statement and petition signed by a number of the dead man's neighbors, was handed him yesterday morning and after consultation with the county attorney, the coroner ordered an inquest to be held.

Before the jury there was absolutely no evidence that the man was poisoned, and, after listening to five or six witnesses, the jury returned the following verdict:

We, the jury empaneled and sworn to inquire into the death of Alfred Street, having found dead, find, from the evidence adduced, and from the opinions of J. C. Avary and B. W. Bizzell, both physicians here present, that deceased came to his death from natural causes.

B. W. BIZZELL, Foreman.

J. C. AVARY, Coroner.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK CITY.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER, LTD., NEW YORK CITY.

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IN SOCIETY'S DOMAIN.

NEWS THAT WILL INTEREST SOCIETY PEOPLE.

SPICY GOSSIP FROM OTHER CITIES.

The Coming Week Will Be One of Many Opera Parties. The Boxes for All the Performances Have Been Secured—Other Notes and News of Interest.

A Talk With Mrs. Langtry.

After Nym Crinkle gives a half column to you on Mrs. Langtry's Lady Macbeth in the New York World, he goes on to give a charming account of his last chat with the Lily:

"By the way, hearing that Mrs. Langtry had been for some time employing her leisure in writing a book I was curious to know if it could be true, and turned in suddenly one morning at her gate in Twenty-third street, with the intention of finding out. I found her in that house of boudoirs, where one walks on cushions and sits down on tapestry, lying like an oriental princess on a couch of Himalayan furs, with an absurd tablet and an equally absurd gold pencil in her hand."

"Yes," she said. "Look at that pile of manuscript. Perhaps you can't imagine that I have anything to say. But I have. I believe everybody but myself has written about me. Don't you think I ought to take a little interest in a subject that appears to interest everybody else?"

"I am quite sure of it," I said; "but I only came to see if you were doing it yourself, or intend to sign your name to it."

"All myself," she replied, "with my little pencil. I suppose some people will think I have grudges to ventilate. I haven't. I don't believe I have an enemy in the world. At any rate, I hope not. But I have got such a mass of unique experiences in society and in the profession that I have always felt that I ought to put them in shape and tell them as pleasantly as I can and as bravely as I dare. You all know of me that I began with piano and ended with posters—that was one day when you had the dyspepsia. I forgive you because there is a certain amount of truth in it, and I have found that there are princes among bill posters. I don't think I should ever have found it out if I hadn't come to America."

I think this charming woman might write a charming book. There is a faint, tremulous quality about her that once upon paper would attract attention, and if coupled with color in telling all she knows, it would be read with avidity.

Ladies as Soldiers.

The New York Sun gives an account of a military company of twenty-three young girls on Staten Island, the idea of which originated last spring with Miss Jessie McNamee, a niece of William Vanderveer. The company is called the British Brides, and is drilled by a army officer from Fort Wadsworth. Here is a description of the fair captain, her ideas about military exercise for women, and an account of the pretty girls' costumes:

The company, which is recruited from the families on Staten Island, is at present composed of a captain, a sergeant, seven privates, two corporals, and nineteen high privates. They have adopted a regular uniform, consisting of a plain loose skirt of dark blue, reaching to a little below the shoe tops, and a tightly fitting waist of the same color, the collar and sleeves of which are trimmed with three stripes of white braid in the case of the privates and gold braid on the officers' uniforms. The cap is a wide brimmed peaked cap and shoulder-straps. The captain wears a small white plume on her cap, and in lieu of shoulder-straps a pair of gold epaulets adorn her shoulders. The officers are distinguished according to their rank by the customary insignia of the regular army.

The company is extremely fortunate in its selection of a captain in the person of Miss Jessie McNamee, in the central and picturesquie feature of the organization. The lady mentioned is a rather petite and very pretty blonde, quiet in manner, but possessed of a vein of earnestness and determination which she has to a great extent succeeded in infusing into the other members of the company. Her commanding demeanor, which at the head of her corps excites much favorable comment, and it is apparent to all that in her knowledge of military tactics she is far in the advance of the other girls. After a few more drills it is Miss McNamee's intention to take full control of the corps and dispense with the services of the drillmaster. Speaking of the company and its subsequent development, Miss McNamee said:

"The idea occurred to me last winter from a picture in St. Nicholas representing a group of young ladies in military costume. I am very fond of military drills and at once proceeded to sound some of the young ladies on the subject. They took readily to the idea, and we immediately proceeded to put the scheme into practice. As soon as possible a company was formed. A drillmaster was obtained from Fort Wadsworth, and we kept up our drills until warm weather interfered. The girls were so enthusiastic and derived so much pleasure from the practice that we determined to renew our lessons during the present season. Although it looks like fun to an outsider, it is really hard work, but we are determined to do justice to the cause on that account. We intend to work harder still until we are perfect in every detail of military tactics. We have not taken up the manual of arms as yet, as our muskets are not ready. We expect to have them in a fortnight at the outside, and as soon as we have had a good practical review we will be prepared for gunnery evolution or something like it at least once a week." A company was formed—drillmaster was obtained from Fort Wadsworth, and we kept up our drills until warm weather interfered. The girls were so enthusiastic and derived so much pleasure from the practice that we determined to renew our lessons during the present season.

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We are thoroughly in earnest in our desire to become proficient in everything pertaining to military tactics, practically as well as theoretically. This is no passing fancy born of annual, but a desire to profit by our instruction physically as well as mentally. The exercise incidental to the drill has had a wonderful effect on the physical development of the girls which no amount of perfunctory gymnastics could have produced."

These girls are going to give a public drill for the benefit of some charity soon. Why can't the King's Daughters get the captain of the Gate City Guard or Rifles to drill them during Lent, and have a public drill at Easter? It would be a novel entertainment, and would recruit physically the young ladies made tired from too much gaiety, besides doing a good work.

A Daffodil Luncheon.

Here is a description of a daffodil luncheon given by an artist friend in New York. She writes:

"My sister and I have a flat, and we had been invited out so much among our artist friends that we decided to entertain the hospitalities of the female portion by giving a daffodil luncheon. Twelve ladies were invited, as our small dining room could seat only that many without having more than one table, and having the people under such circumstances, knocking the backs of their chairs against each other. I wish you could have seen the table when it was finished, looking above it were the chandeliers with the light shining through yellow satin daffodil lamps and from the base was hung a large daffodil made entirely of the natural flowers."

The table cloth of finest white damask was embroidered in a border of daffodils in outline, the center of which contained a dozen golden flowers in red color. The cover beneath was sateen satin with beige made in the shape of daffodils and little gold hand-welded white satin fans painted with the delicate blossoms and containing some quotation in old English gold letters appropriate to the flower.

The centre piece was a gold wire harvest basket filled with daffodils and placed on a large silver tureen covered with a lid of East India fern leaves, and a gold wire cornucopia swinging on a chain from a heavy gold stand was filled with the golden blossoms and their long blue-green leaves. At the other end was a golden wire basket filled with grapes. All the glass was beaded and the china was white and gold. There were large candelabra on the table, and they held yellow candles with daffodil petticoats and satin daffodil shades.

The tea gown I wore was a daffodil kind of affair also. The petticoat of mignonne green plush had a gold third dimension border in a concentric circle design. The jacket of the dress of heavy cream silk had a border of the same design around sides and skirt. The undersleeves of soft cream gaunce were puffed, each puff being defined by bands of mignonne green velvet, and the cut away cream silk

sleeves falling over them were long and square and lined with green plush. Folds of gaunce and velvet ribbon formed a V, and the high collar was made of the same."

Ladies of the White House.

Here is a description of Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKeo as they looked upon a shopping expedition in New York recently:

"Mrs. Harrison was very plainly dressed in dark blue camel's hair cloth. Her wrap was a black. She wore a little black felt bonnet with a pigeon's wing in the trimming, and a number of shell pins thrust in her iron gray hair supported the little frame. She was gloved in tan colored Suede, a snowy ruche finished her sleeves and collar, and she carried a small kangaroo hand bag. Mrs. McKeo was wearing a brown tail coat, a white blouse, which she wore with matching turban and a black face veil dotted with clover leaves. She also had a hand bag."

They did all their shopping on foot, and among the most important things purchased were gloves and table linen. The gloves bought by the two ladies were tan, striped, hem-dress and fall dress lengths, in tan, mauve and cameo shades, and all of undressed kid. As the ladies purchased two dozen boxes of opera lengths, it is evident that short sleeves and low cut dresses will be in vogue this winter at the white house, and that Mrs. Harrison will not attempt a so-called dress reform by setting the example of covering pretty arms and shoulders. She herself has a lovely arm, and her small plump hand requires a number six glove."

Mrs. Harrison proved an excellent shopper and one who knew the finest grades of linen and lace. She purchased some thread cambric handkerchiefs for herself at \$2 a dozen, and some presidential Irish linen handkerchiefs at \$30 a dozen.

Senseless Indeed.

No sooner comes one ugly fashion go out than another comes in. Women wouldn't know themselves if they were devoid for one season of some ungainly style. Even the Green men wear sandals and, as far as the contrary, bare feet, which have been infinitely preferable to those leather foot pads. A while ago the gowns of women kind were sticking out a mile in the back, and wobbling with every movement; now that the bustle is passing away, it looks as though the skirts have been dipped down in the back by the bustle. The departure of all homely, senseless things, a demi-train, is the word.

What reason or beauty is there in a gown that loses trimness and gains neither grace nor dignity?

Holding Veils.

The Paris fashion correspondent of the New York Times declares that Hading veils were never worn by Hading, but were the vile invention of some newspaper reporter's imaginative brain, and that now Virot, with his mantles, units, trimmings, and collars, puts out the stately and dignified up to date to show the month and chin. It is to be hoped this information will have some influence upon a number of pretty Atlanta women who have been haggling their faces up in black dotted tulle to their own discomfort and to the displeasure of admiring friends.

Evening Gloves.

Evening gloves can be worn below the elbow in Paris, but they will never give the symmetry to a bare arm that is produced by a glove almost reaching the shoulder. In the days of our Mother White kid gloves reaching to the wrist and then frilled with lace and flowers, were worn with bare arms giving the appearance of a long stick of candy in a bon-bon box. They were hideous to behold.

IN LOCAL SOCIETY.

The Opera Festival this Week—Theater Parties in Plenty.

The week of opera at DeGivé's will be the society event of the season. There will be a number of theater parties during the week. Boxes have sold for every night, except in some instances the upper boxes.

Boxes have been sold to the following ladies and gentlemen:

MONDAY NIGHT.

Mr. W. L. Moore, Mr. Henry Knowles, Mr. L. I. McCleary, Mr. Charles H. Wells, Mr. John Grant, Mr. Clarke, Mrs. Hippie, Mrs. T. D. Meador, Mrs. Hoppe.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

Mr. Robert Lowry, Mr. W. R. Howard, Mr. Will Inman, Mr. Henry Knowles, Mr. John Grant.

MRS. KELLY.

Mr. T. D. Meador, Mr. Charles A. Wells, Mr. Henry Knowles, Mr. E. Brown.

WEDNESDAY MATINEE.

Mr. Thomas Miller, Mr. Robert Lowry, Mr. Henry Knowles, Mr. Leyden.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

Mr. W. D. Grant, Mr. Robert Lowry, Mr. Will Inman, Mr. Henry Knowles, Mr. Dudley Dubose.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

Mr. W. D. Grant, Mr. Pete Grant, Mr. Miller, Mr. Henry Knowles, Mr. J. Loyd.

SATURDAY MATINEE.

Mr. John Clarke, Mr. Carter Colquitt, Mr. W. D. Grant, Mr. Henry Knowles, Mrs. Dudley Dubose, Mrs. Walter Taylor.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

Mr. John Clarke, Mr. Carter Colquitt, Mr. W. D. Grant, Mr. Henry Knowles, Mrs. Dudley Dubose, Mrs. J. Loyd.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Mr. Eugene Hardeman, Mr. Berry, Mr. Williams, Mr. Reth.

The Misses Lillie and Stella Gallaher, after an absence of several months from the city, have returned to their home, No. 152 Alexander street.

An Evening with Goethe.

The entertainment given on Thursday night at the Church of Our Father, was a notable one. The subject was "Faust," and Dr. J. G. Armstrong delivered a masterly analysis of Goethe's masterpiece, combining his recitation by recitation from the drama with all the illustrations of logic and reasoning. Madame Von der Hoye played Liszt's transcription of the waltz from Gounod's "Faust," and Master Amadeo Von der Hoye gave the first performance of the piano with piano accompaniment. To say that these two amateur artists were at their best is to convey to musical Atlantians some idea of the richness of the treat. Amadeo played with an esprit, a beauty of phrasing and a clearness of tone that were simply astonishing. He is, indeed, making great progress. He goes to New York soon to play with Thomas' orchestra. Perhaps when he will be here he will be engaged by the Atlanta Philharmonic to play at the Atlanta Hall. Atlanta will awaken to a keen realization of the fact that a "prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

Funeral of Mrs. Lorraine.

The funeral of Mrs. Elsie Lorraine will take place this afternoon at half past two o'clock from the First Baptist church. Dr. Hawthorne will conduct the services. She will be buried at Oakland cemetery.

He is Going Wild Cat Hunting.

"I am going to kill a wild cat," said Mr. M. C. Kiser, "if it takes me till next month to do it. I read the article in last Sunday's Constitution and it nearly can me crazy. I could just see the picture of the dogs when they had that cat at bay and the hunters whooping them on. I am going to Florida for a month and I am going to kill a wild cat if there is one in the state."

KILLED ON THE TRACK.

Oliver Moody, of Flower Branch, is Killed On the East Tennessee.

Yesterday afternoon a young white male was instantly killed by the outgoing 2:33 passenger train. This was at the Humphries street crossing.

It is said that the young man was crossing when he saw a freight train coming toward him. He was watching when the train struck him behind and killed instantly by the passenger train.

His body was carried to Patterson's undertaking establishment, located on "Old" Oliver Moody. His son, Oliver, was found in his pockets. The coroner will hold an inquest this morning.

BRIEFS ABOUT BOOKS.

"THE WOMAN'S STORY" is the striking title which Mrs. Laura C. Holloway gives to her collection of twenty stories by twenty of the most famous of American women, including such names as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louis M. Alcott, Mrs. Alcott's "Work," Mary Howitt, whose story I must highly esteem, and each is preceded by a concise and interesting biographical sketch, and followed by a portrait of the author. I have not consented to let it be printed for her own children, but I have done so for a portrait of her (for her own children) an excellent portrait of the writer appears. A course of books compiled upon such a plan is to be interesting on many counts, and few books of half as many pages will be found more entertaining to the majority of readers. \$1; postage 12 cents. John B. Alden, publisher, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Atlanta and San Francisco.

"KADY," by Patience Stapleton, published by Bedford Clarke & Co., New York, is a striking story of frontier life. There is plenty of western spirit in it, and it is sensational enough to keep the reader's interest alive from the first to the last chapter.

"THE RESTORATION AND LOUIS XIV," by OGDEN ATTY, is a history of the reign of Louis XIV, and is one of the "Great Epoch Series."

It vividly describes the struggle between

the second Charles and his parliament, the wars of

the English and French, the Dutch, the Parma-

men, the Spaniards, the French, the King,

Marlborough, Cardinal de Retz and the Prince

of Condé.

While standing before an open fireplace yesterday morning, Mr. T. Tedder, who lives on Peachtree street, had a fatal heart spell and fell upon the fire. She was seriously burned.

Miss Flora Fitten is visiting relatives in Mobile.

Mr. Frank Ellis, of New York, is spending a few days in the city with his sister, Mrs. Donald.

Prof. Harry White is in the city, and is warmly welcomed by his many friends and ad-

mirers.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss May Kirby, the accomplished daughter of Mrs. W. R. Jamieson, to Mr. J. F. Wilson, the popular travel-writer. Wesley & Green, on next Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The ceremony will be performed at the residence of the young lady's parents, No. 8 West street.

On Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock at the par-

sonage of Walke street Methodist church, Rev. H. J. Ellis officiating. Miss Lucy Lewis was uniting in marriage to Mr. W. W. Barker. The young bride is

the daughter of Mr. F. Lewis, and a most amiable and accomplished young lady. Mr. Barker was formerly of Shreveport, La., but is now a resident of Atlanta. The happy couple were the recipient of many beautiful and costly presents.

Miss Edith E. Carpenter, one of Elberton's society ladies, is visiting relatives in the city.

BIRMINGHAM BEAUTY,

AS IT IS REPRESENTED IN THE NEWSPAPER MEN.

A Newspaper Staff Without a Red Headed Man or Woman—An Iron Furnace at Birmingham.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., January 25.—[Special Correspondence.]—Did you ever see a big iron furnace make a run at night?

In other words did you ever see a place that gave you a perfectly satisfactory idea of haves without out any of the pain that a residence in such a place must incur?

Man can never reach Godhood, but he certainly can resemble Satan strikingly in some things.

The biggest iron furnace on this round globe is five miles from Birmingham. It pours out two solid tons of pig iron daily and cost millions of dollars. It rose before us at dusk, grim and darkly magnificent as though it were the king of night bidding the world stand still. The yards were crowded with a motley throng of

TO THE SUBURBS

AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY TO INMAN PARK.

TO BE COMPLETED IN NINETY DAYS.

Atlanta's Rapid Transit Problem Being Rapidly Solved—Fresh Air Will Be Accessible to Every one in Summer—Stone Mountain and Its Influence on Architecture—The Euclid Avenue of the Future—Inman Park Opened to the Public.

In the heat and heat of summer what would give for a breath of air, fresh and fragrant from the meadows, where the dew is on the grass, and the first rays of the sun strew the earth with diamonds, whose brilliancy the far-famed gowns of Golconde cannot excel?

Oh, for a draught of that aerial champagne, when as night rises from her long incubation and an infant morning appears, nature brews an ambrosial cup that trees and plants and the winds of heaven may drink in honor of the occasion.

Unfortunately we cannot all live in this country that God made, but many of us must dwell in the town which our hands have built and must put up with its imperfections; but we can at least get out in the country for the night, if we have quick and reliable transportation beyond the suburbs. The transportation problem is being rapidly solved for Atlanta and fresh air will be brought so close to the center of the city, that every man will be able to enjoy its blessings.

The electric railway to be completed within ninety days—Edgewood avenue to Inman park is a new means of bringing us in contact with the fresh air of the suburbs. Two carloads of queer looking rails have arrived at the Georgia Pacific depot for the electric railway. They are very broad and will be set twenty inches deep in cement without cross-ties. The work of construction will be begun at once, and by the first of May the road will be in operation as far as Inman park. The cars are being built in Philadelphia. They are called palace cars, and it is claimed that they are finer than any ever brought south.

The Thompson-Houston company is arranging the dynamo and propose to make the road perfect in its operation.

Edgewood avenue is being graded by the city and the appropriation for most of the street has been passed up by the city council.

Inman park, which has just been opened to the public for residence purposes, lies between Atlanta and Edgewood, beginning at the Allisons' shop, extending for about a mile down the road toward Edgewood and covering a rolling woodland strip near three quarters of a mile wide, running along the Decatur road.

Eight or ten acres have been set apart for park purposes, laid off in walks and drives and shrubberies and flowers are being set out.

The East End Land company which owns the tract has reduced the lots to a permanent grade and almost every one is shaded by oaks.

The next step to making the park attractive is to provide a thorough system of lighting. Poles are being put up for electric lights, and it is said that the lights will be in operation before the end of April. Edgewood avenue will then present a brilliant scene after night, with its row of lights stretching away for nearly two miles from the artesian well, and, but for the rising ground that intervenes, a carriage could be seen from a residence at the farther end of Inman park until it reached the theatre.

Atlanta, as yet, has no Euclid avenue like that which made the city of Cleveland famous, but with the thorough grading and lighting of Edgewood avenue for two miles, she may some day have in that street, when it has been built up with handsome residences, an avenue not less attractive than Euclid.

Atlanta is proud of her building and loan associations, which have done so much to make her people honest and good citizens.

The field is so large that now associations are constantly being organized and new series of the old ones issued, and still the legitimate demand for money to build houses grows faster than the supply.

To meet the situation an arrangement has been made by the East End Land company to lend money for the building of houses at Inman park, and this will doubtless be supplemented by new building associations in that locality as the suburb grows. Atlanta men rank with the best in their respective lines, and if the East End people are not equal to the emergencies that will arise in building up Inman park they will break their own record for fertility of resources.

The possibilities of suburban grounds are simply wonderful. Think how the landscape engineer's skill has transformed the rough hills and hollows behind the smoky city of Cincinnati into a Cliff-ton, that marvel of magnificent repose which drew from the Grand Duke Alexis the remark that Cincinnati was the Paris of America.

With all the happy auxiliaries of landscape gardening in this more genial climate it will be strange if time does not make Inman park a more delightful retreat than Clifton.

There is nothing in architecture so entirely restful to the tired sense as stone. One sits down in the midst of it with a feeling that the everlasting granite arms are about him and he has at last found a lodging that cannot be moved.

Look at old Stone mountain hanging over Atlanta with a persistent suggestion of this permanency in architecture. It even frowns on the softer limestone of the capitol as if it were not only an alien but an unworthy associate.

What more enduring promise could there be of a substantial architecture at Inman park than this grand old colossus, rising high above it with its massive sides carved and fretted by the tempests of ages, and its bold dome swept and garnished by the trailing clouds? From the infancy of the world it has been there; before the deluge had washed the softer crust off, when there was no light upon the earth and thick darkness was the swaddling band for it, before the waters were chased away to their decreed place, or ever the morning stars sang together, this hoary rock held its long abiding place. What tales it could tell of the monsters who sported above it, when sea serpents had a local habitation and a name, and huge amphibian monsters made the world hideous; of the early races of men, of the titans, and the mound builders that went before?

It is to be hoped that the owners of this attractive place will not put the price too high. Certainly at the start they should be liberal in their inducements to those who wish to build.

Mr. Phil Harrelson, the vice-president, who has that matter in charge, will right it out with the purchasers, but he intimates that the company is disposed to do the liberal thing.

Those who are specially interested can see him at No. 5 Kimball house.

The "Topaz" comedies are invaluable. The "Topaz" Cordial is invaluable. The "Topaz" Liver Pills are a boon to humanity. The "Topaz" Blood Pills for blood diseases. The "Topaz" Ointment for skin diseases. Investigate them.

Tis unwise, youthful friends,

To disregard teeth

That are running to decay.

So with SOZOPONT brush

Or they won't wear a rush

And speedily decompose away.

SENT FREE Samples Wall Paper, with prices

and book on how to apply it.

M. MAUKE, Atlanta, Ga.

ONWARD.
Another Paint Factory for Atlanta—Some Points About It.

Another paint factory for Atlanta. A prominent gentleman, in speaking with a CONSTITUTION representative the other day, said:

"For several days I have been compiling statistics concerning manufacturing enterprises in this city, and you would be surprised at them. To hear one talk you would think that very little manufacturing was done in our city, but I tell you it is a mistake; Atlanta is a manufacturing city. There are many small factories that are doing a safe and growing business that the general public know nothing about."

"I have this to say," said Mr. A. P. Tripod, "Atlanta in a few years will have no superior in the south as a manufacturing center."

"By the way," said THE CONSTITUTION representative, "I believe you are running a factory yourself, Mr. Tripod."

"Yes, I am interested in the Tripod Paint Manufacturing company, and think it a good investment."

"Do you make all kinds of paint?"

"Yes, we make as good and as fine paint as can be turned out of any factory in the north. To be sure, we have no fine factory yet, but will have some of these days. Our machinery is the best. We have twelve paint mills, besides all other machinery necessary for making paint."

"How much can you make a day?"

"Between three and four hundred gallons. We are behind on orders now more than a month. Yes, the paint business with us looks very bright."

"Where do you get the material out of which you manufacture paint?"

"Right here in the south. There is plenty of ochre and mineral paints in the Piedmont region, and we get the most of materials at home. You see, one factory helps another. The cans in which we put up our paint are made here in Atlanta. In fact, both at our factory and store we use as many home products as possible."

This new paint factory is a move in the right direction. It is on a safe and economical basis, and no doubt will meet with success. Its managers and superintendents are skilled men and know their business thoroughly.

JUDGE WARREN WRITES A LETTER

In a Private Letter to a Friend in This City, Dated Spartanburg, S. C., January 19th, 1889. Judge Kit Warren says:

I have now wandered for many weeks amid the grotesque and ever varying scenes of the Piedmont section. cheerless winter is abroad the land, but genial summer is in the hearts, homes and shops of this enterprising people. The evidences of increasing prosperity are everywhere visible.

Everything pertaining to the commercial, manufacturing and agricultural interests of this section, present a most gratifying and hopeful outlook.

Many of the people of this part of the state feel greatly interested in Atlanta and her energy and vim. An instance to illustrate this feeling was brought to my notice a few days ago, which is about this:

A distinguished physician of this state—one who stands at the head of his profession—when writing have been eminently useful to his fellow practitioners, who is now, and has been for several years, a member of the state medical board of South Carolina, told me that he had four years ago, when he had

EPITHELIOMA OR SKIN CANCER

on his face and nose, which was a great source of trouble and anxiety to him. The sores grew in size, and seemed to be eating the flesh and tissues away, to an extent which alarmed him. Examinations were made at various times by surgeons, and was considered to be cancerous.

He grew so bad, that on advice of the medical board, he had decided to have them removed with the knife. Before doing this he was pursued to try the virtue of a medicine manufactured in Atlanta, known by the name of S. S. Smith's Specific.

Taking this remedy saved him the trouble of the cutting with the knife, and has saved him many a troubled moment, as it cured the cancers entirely well about three years ago, and there has not been the slightest symptom of a return of the disease. No one can tell the value of this medicine, S. S. Smith's Specific.

He recommends it to every one who needs a blood remedy or tonic, and says it has always done good."

Such was his statement to me. His name I am not permitted to give, since the ethics of the profession forbid him to "praise the bridge that has carried him over," or "to render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's."

KIT WARREN.

New Shades just received. Chamberlin, Johnson & Co.

If you would win success in life, be punctual, honest and economical in your daily habits, and careful of your health, and smoke Grand Republic Cigars and Buffos. Sold by all reliable dealers.

What is Christian Science?

And many other valuable books on Christian science. For sale by John M. Miller, 31 Marietta street.

Opening of Providence Infirmary.

The undersigned executive committee charged with the administration of the Providence infirmary, located at the corner of Edgewood avenue and Ivy street, announce that it is now open for reception of patients, being fitted up in all respects as a first class private hospital.

The institution is prepared to accommodate male and female patients, in separate departments, including children and lying-in women, and has all the appliances for comfort and convenience.

The building has been completely remodeled and entirely refurnished, the outfit of the apartments being tasteful and elegant, and competent nurses attending to all wants of the sick.

Every variety of cases not contagious or insanitary receives appropriate treatment in the surgical, medical, gynaecological and obstetrical departments under care of a professional staff, composed of Drs. T. S. Powell, W. D. Bizzell, A. G. Hobbs and W. S. Elkins, together with the undersigned. One of this staff will be in daily attendance at the infirmary to meet all the requirements of the sick.

Communications may be addressed to any member of the staff, or to the Providence infirmary direct.

G. G. Roy, M. D.,
J. M. F. Gaston, M. D.,
Wm. Perrin Nicolson, M. D.,
Executive Committee.

Atlanta, Ga., January 30th, 1889.

H. F. Emery.

New stock of Carpets just received. Chamberlin, Johnson & Co.

LUCY HINTON.

The Name of the Finest Brand of Tobacco Manufactured.

Who has not heard of this famous brand of chewing tobacco? It is conceded to be the best manufactured in America, and has been sold in every part of the United States. Lucy Hinton is made out of stock from one to two years old, being selected with the greatest care. It is made by the great house of T. C. Williams & Co., Richmond Va.

Dr. Cheney's Cough Remedy should be found in every household. It never fails to cure croup, asthma, and coughs, colds, sore throat, etc.

REV. GOODMAN HUGHES,
Dahomey, Ga.

Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence, and when you have little relaxation smoke Grand Republic Cigars and Buffos. Sold by all reliable dealers.

180

THE SUNDAY CONSTITUTION—\$2 a year—Sent to any address.

HALT!
WE ARE GOING TOO FAST WITH OUR BELGIAN BLOCKS, AND

A CITIZEN GIVES SOME GOOD REASONS
Why We Should Call a Halt! Which is Best to Wade in Mud; Have the Streets Lived and the Citizens and Merchants Impoverished thereby?

A REMEDY SUGGESTED.

EDITORS CONSTITUTION: While it is true that all Atlanta paint with pride to the wonderful progress we have made in so short a time with our paved streets, and while the writer, who is for Atlanta first, last and always, knows that the contract for such work is now as cheap, or perhaps cheaper than we can ever expect it again, yet it is a stern fact which, like Hamlet's ghost, "will not down," that our citizens are being impoverished by the necessarily heavy taxes to meet the payment for the public general knowledge nothing about."

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"Yes, I am interested in the Tripod Paint Manufacturing company, and think it a good investment."

"Do you make all kinds of paint?"

"Yes, we make as good and as fine paint as can be turned out of any factory in the north. To be sure, we have no fine factory yet, but will have some of these days. Our machinery is the best. We have twelve paint mills, besides all other machinery necessary for making paint."

"How much can you make a day?"

"Between three and four hundred gallons. We are behind on orders now more than a month. Yes, the paint business with us looks very bright."

"Where do you get the material out of which you manufacture paint?"

"Right here in the south. There is plenty of ochre and mineral paints in the Piedmont region, and we get the most of materials at home. You see, one factory helps another. The cans in which we put up our paint are made here in Atlanta. In fact, both at our factory and store we use as many home products as possible."

But a Terrible Loss of Life Amongst the Crew.

ASPINWALL, U. S. Colombia, South America, October 4th, 1887.—Gentlemen: I left New Orleans, La., for this port in July last. Knowing that I was going to a very sickly place, I purchased a case of our "Topaz" Cordial. I used it on the passage home and used it freely since I have been in this port. I have a crew of eighteen men, and I am the only one on board ship but what has been down sick with the fever (chills) of this country. When leave here I shall leave a number of my crew dead, some in the hospital dying, I have been in all climates and many parts of such a deathly port before—people dying in all directions. I have now been in this port five weeks, and I must say I never enjoyed better health in my life. Shall we not say it was the "Topaz" Cordial? I have taken it three times a day while here and I am the only one out of the eighteen that has escaped the fever, and the only one that has used the "Topaz" Cordial; I cannot say that the Cordial has had something to do with it. At any rate, my faith is so strong that I would not think of getting any more of the "Topaz" Cordial. Cordial with me, I cheerfully recommend it to all sea captains and travelers, and any one living where there is much chiliasm fever without taking some of the "Topaz" Cordial with me. I cordially recommend it to all sea captains of the Ship Riverside.

W. M. HALLETT,
Captain of the Ship Riverside.

TYPE WRITING

And Stenographic Business—All Kinds of Work Promptly Executed.

Messrs. Crankshaw & Johnson, who are expert stenographers and type writers, have opened an office at 25, Marietta street. They will do all kinds of stenographic work, type writing, copying, etc. Office correspondence a specialty. If you need anything in this line give them a call.

W. M. HALLETT,
Captain of the Ship Riverside.

FRESH FROM THE PRESS

BEL VIDERE OYSTERS
Fresh from the beds every day. 25 cents per quart.

CORNER PEACHTREE and Marietta Streets—

F. D. HILLER, in charge. Preaching Sunday at 7:00. Sunday school Sunday afternoon at 3:00. Dr. J. W. Rankin, superintendent.

WALNUT CHAPEL, 199 W. Fair street—F. D. Hiller in charge. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 3:00 p.m. Service at 7:00 p.m. All are cordially invited.

MIXES THINGS UP.

EFFECT OF PRESIDENT JACKSON'S STEP-DOWN AND OUT.

ITS BEARING ON THE GOVERNORSHIP

Talk as to His Probable Successor—Livingston and the Governorship—A Contest Between Livingston and Everett Promised for the Presidency—Felix Corpuz, etc.

Recent developments in the Farmers' Alliance, by which President E. H. Jackson steps in and out from the presidency, have given rise to considerable discussion as to what effect the circumstance would have on the organization, and what, if any, on the next gubernatorial contest.

Ex-President Jackson has long been a leader in the alliance and has figured prominently in it since its organization. He has traveled all over the state for it, establishing clubs and looking after the welfare of the organization, and has acquired a very extensive acquaintance during his administration as president. The action of the committee, recently in session in Atlanta, bearing upon his official transactions, his consequent resignation, and the promptness with which it was accepted by the committee, has an air of mystery about it, and that there is something under the surface of what has been made public, there is but little doubt.

What is say that the whole movement is in the interest of somebody to succeed him, and others that there are other reasons back of it than a difference about the plan of the exchange. It appears that the secretary refused to honor certain drafts of President Jackson, and that this brought about a clash, which resulted in the resignation of the latter. It is said that these drafts were drawn without authority, and that the president had on several occasions stepped beyond the limit of his official authority.

The whole matter is shrouded in darkness and nobody seems to know anything about it. The committee exercised the greatest caution during its deliberations here, not even admitting prominent members of the alliance to its meetings. It met and adjourned and the only thing known of its actions is that President Jackson appeared before it in his defense and that he sent in his resignation, which was at once accepted. There seems to be no doubt that the committee notified him that his resignation would be timely and that he responded without further parley.

Hon. L. F. Livingston, of Covington, who is vice-president of the alliance becomes the acting-president until the next regular meeting of the alliance which will take place during the coming summer.

Col. Livingston will certainly seek the presidency, and starts in with a good lever to help him to reach it. Jackson was elected over him to the presidency last year, and Livingston became the vice-president.

Hon. R. W. Everett, of Polk, is prominently mentioned for the position, and has strong friends who will urge him to make the race. Hon. Felix Corpuz, of Floyd, whose name has already been suggested, is debarred from the position as long as he is president of the exchange.

"There is not a word to say, and I think I am not unkindly opinioned, that he has

already been seen by the other gentlemen in the way of thanks to this chamber, and to this city, for the well & its generous hospitality for the time he has been here. He has been presented—and our only regret is that our stay can no longer. Your committee meet have fairly honored over us, and we are grateful. Gentlemen thank you for the courtesy of your attention."

"Topaz" blood; "Blood" "Topaz"; "Topaz" blood; blood "Topaz"; "Topaz" blood pills. The gem blood medicine. Investigate it.

to C. W. Macune, president of the National Alliance, and he pronounced it the best plan he had seen. In fact it is a good plan, a plan wrought out by the people themselves. The fact of all this Brother Jackson feels that the people ought to set up an office in Atlanta and have him buy grain for them, they paying him five dollars a bushel. But probably he does not like for the plan adopted by the state alliance, hence the whole plan is a failure. Now, brother Jackson's letter above, it seems part of the way that it coincides with our views, then flies off at a tangent and leaves the affair somewhat obscure. And the object to which he refers in the same issue of the Atlanta, following the letter and the editorial is the resignation of Mr. Jackson and its acceptance by the judiciary committee of the Farmers' Alliance of Georgia.

GOVERNOR BULLOCK IN CINCINNATI.

His Magnificent Speech in Behalf of the South.

We learn from a member of the committee that the arrangement of sentiments and the names of speakers called on for responses was made by the officers of the Cincinnati chamber, and that Governor Bullock was not called to the platform to respond until just before the northwest and southwest were announced. These sections were responded for by eloquent speakers from Chicago and St. Louis. Governor Bullock spoke with great fluency and a loss of some of the words, and it is to this Governor Bullock alludes in his allusion to the "difference" of his predecessor. Although it was nearly two o'clock when the sentiment assigned to Governor Bullock was given, the audience was a large crowd of business men, without striking to his conclusion. Below we give a correct copy of his remarks:

President Morrison, of the Cincinnati chamber of commerce, said:

"The most numerous representative cities of which are Chattanooga, Atlanta, Birmingham, Augusta, their great factories rivaling and vying with those in the north, but equal fields have risen much more rapidly, a development of property and wealth that is most gratifying to their friends everywhere. I have the pleasure of introducing Ex-Governor R. B. Bullock of the south."

The coming speech.

The welcome accorded Governor Bullock was decidedly pleasant, and his remarks commanded the closest attention and the warmest approval.

"Mr. President: I hesitate to intrude on the orally digestion of the rich intellectual treat we have just this morning. I hesitate still more to do so in the presence of a distinguished and well-known bunch hour of our Cincinnati friends, but I am encouraged by the indifference of my friends from the northwest, the southwest, who have just given me a hearty ovation, and I will proceed with the speech of the occasion. Occasionally, when we wish to do a special honor to our friends in Chicago, we refer to that magnificence city as 'the Atlanta of the north.' I have no objection to that, and we shall adopt the name of our friend from the southwest, and we will be 'the Wichita of the south.' Laughter and applause.

"It is my privilege and pleasure to visit your city twenty years ago with a delegation of our friends from the south to aid my venerable friend, Governor Bishop, then mayor of your city, in performing his great duty, which was to raise \$100,000,000 to build a railroad to Chattanooga.

"I never forgot the hospitality extended to us by your people. It is needless to speak of the progress of Cincinnati from that time to this. You have spoken in the erection of this magnificent structure, its broader words and more permanent way, than any words of eloquence could express.

"In referring to us, Mr. President, as a section of our common country, I desire to say, and I think it is the unanimous opinion of all the people, if you choose, of this great government of the people, by the people and for the people. (Cheers.) And if in any future events, it should be the duty of any man to represent to the nation, or to the world, that we are in a subordinate position, let me assure you that you have the right to do so.

"After presenting the official invitation of Mayor Glenn in behalf of the city, and the letter of Governor Gordon in behalf of himself and the state, the committee made their adieu.

An anniversary exposition seemed to take

place in every city, and to have been

doubtless the quantity and value of our one

staple, cotton, and we have more than doubled our mechanical industries for the manipulation of the cotton, and we have twice as many spindles and

of looms, more than twice the number of spindles

running in that section now that at the other date

which I have not referred to. (Laughter and applause.) That has been accomplished you all know.

"We have more than doubled our railway mileage and have more than quadrupled the quantity and value of our iron and steel products. We have

doubled the quantity and value of our one

staple, cotton, and we have more than doubled our mechanical industries for the manipulation of the cotton, and we have twice as many spindles and

of looms, more than twice the number of spindles

running in that section now that at the other date

which I have not referred to. (Laughter and applause.)

"There is not a word to say, and I think I am not unkindly opinioned, that he has

already been seen by the other gentlemen in the way of thanks to this chamber, and to this city,

for the well & its generous hospitality for the time he has been here. He has been presented—and our only regret is that our stay can no longer. Your committee meet have fairly honored over us, and we are grateful. Gentlemen thank you for the courtesy of your attention."

"Topaz" blood; "Blood" "Topaz"; "Topaz" blood; blood "Topaz"; "Topaz" blood pills. The gem blood medicine. Investigate it.

LEMON ELIXIR.

Its Wonderful Effect on the Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys and Blood.

Dr. Mozley's Lemon Elixir is a pleasant lemon drink that positively cures all Biliousness, Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, Malaria, Kidney Disease, Dizziness, Colds, Loss of Appetite, Fevers, Chills, Blotches, Pimples, Pain in Back, Paroxysm of Heart, and all other diseases caused by disordered liver, stomach and kidneys, the first great cause of all fatal diseases. 50¢ and \$1 per bottle. Sold by druggists. Prepared only by H. Mozley, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.

LEMON HOT DROPS.

For coughs and colds take Lemon Hot Drops.

For pneumonia and laryngitis take Lemon Hot Drops.

For consumption and catarrh take Lemon Hot Drops.

For all throat and lung diseases take Lemon Hot Drops.

An elegant and reliable preparation, 25 cents per bottle. Sold by druggists. Prepared by Dr. H. Mozley, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.

LEMON HOT DROPS.

President NATIONAL BANK,

McMinnville, Tenn., writes: From experience in my family, Dr. H. Mozley's Lemon Elixir has few, if any equals, and no superior in medicine for the regulation of the liver, stomach and bowels. Dr. H. Mozley's Lemon Hot Drops are superior to any remedies we have ever been able to get for throat and lung diseases.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

KAUFMAN.—The friends and acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. David Kaufman are invited to the funeral service of the deceased, Dr. Kaufman, at their residence, No. 10 Franklin street, Atlanta, afternoon at 3:30. The following young gentlemen will preside as pallbearers: Frank Lieberman, Oscar Eisner, Ferrell Dickey, Sigmar Leis, Mont Hirsch and Clarence Eichberg.

SAYINGS ON THE SIDEWALK.

FOLKLORE.

CHARLESTON HAS gone to work to organize a base ball club for the Southern league, and wants Atlanta to come in. J. A. Moreo, city editor of the News and Courier, telegraphs that the league has been formed with New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, Birmingham, Mobile and Dallas, and that the prospects are bright for a club in that city if Atlanta will make the eighth city. Mr. Moreo says that a representative of the Sporting South is in his city working up the club and that another is on the way to Atlanta for the same purpose.

CLYDE BOSTICK, passenger agent and advertising agent of the Central, and an old Atlanta boy, has just gotten out book descriptive of his road and the country. It is a nice piece of work.

ED CALLAWAY appeared up the streets yesterday with a part of his North Carolina variety show suit. The parts he left at home were the breeches and coat.

THE LEAGUE OF LIARS is a new organization in Atlanta. It was organized last night in a butcher shop, but no officers have yet been elected. On Sunday afternoon the members will meet and the one who down the next best will be elected president. The certificates of election will read:

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT YOU HAVE BEEN ADMITTED AS A MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE OF LIARS ASSOCIATION, HAVING FULLY QUALIFIED YOURSELF, AND YOU ARE NOW ELIGIBLE TO ACT AS OFFICIO BEARER.

THIS MUST BE SIGNED BY THE PRESIDENT.

CHRISTIAN, the young man who has undertaken to eat a quail a day for thirty days, has consumed twenty-six birds, but last night he had an accident. While eating the bird he turned a cup of boiling hot coffee upon his hand, scalding it so badly that the skin all came off.

LEAK & LYKE'S PARTIAL SALES LIST.

\$8,000 will buy an elegant home in West End.

\$2,000 beautiful Whitehall street home.

\$2,000 beautiful Pill Hill street cottage, large lot,

\$5,500 6½ b Windsor st., good neighborhood.

\$2,000 6½ b Franklin st., good location.

\$2,000 6½ b Franklin st., east terrace.

\$1,000 4½ b Magnolia st., high location.

\$6,000 3½ h and large lot, Davis st., easy terms.

\$3,000 3½ h and large lot, Powers st., rents well.

\$2,000 3½ h and Powers st., rents \$150 cash, balance easy terms.

\$1,000 4½ b Pill Hill st., part cash, balance long time.

\$1,200 4½ h and two 2½ houses Harris st.

\$2,000 three 3½ houses Jones st., renting for \$24 per month.

\$7,000 three 3½ houses Green Ferry avenue.

\$2,000 3½ h brick house on one acre lot, East Point, Ga., easy terms.

\$2,000 beautiful ten acre lot, East Point, with nice groves.

\$2,000 buy a nice 3½ h with good lot, \$150 cash, balance on long time.

\$2,000 spend vacant lot, Orange st.

\$7,000 three 3½ houses, Tryon st.

\$2,000 3½ h brick house on one acre lot, East Point, Ga., easy terms.

\$2,000 2½ h and lot, Powers st.

We have a few nice dwellings, from 3 to 16 rooms, for rent; also some very nice stores. Call and examine. We have a few nice dwellings, from 3 to 16 rooms, for rent; also some very nice stores. Call and examine. We have a few nice dwellings, from 3 to 16 rooms, for rent; also some very nice stores. Call and examine.

SAFETY GLASS.

SA